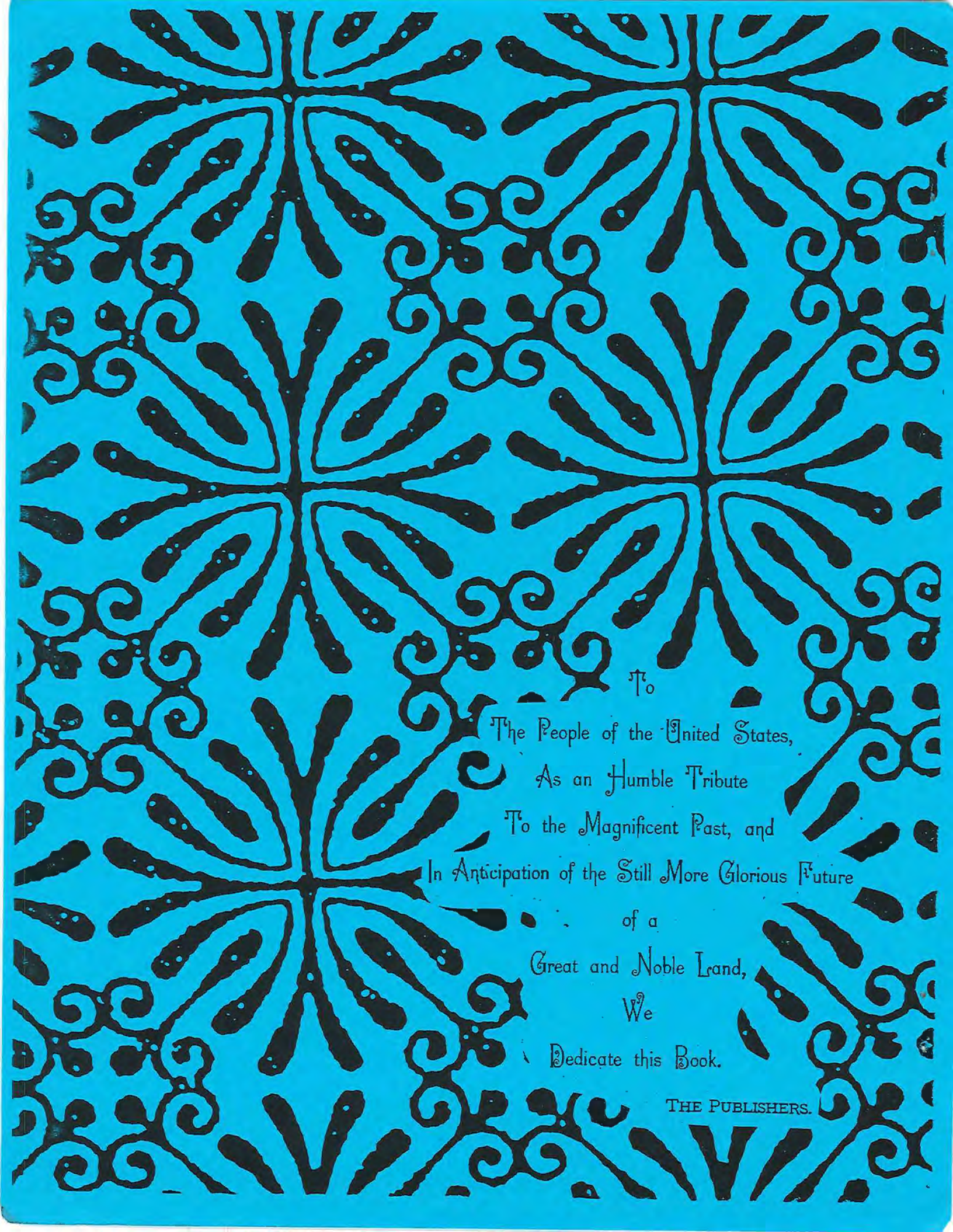


mouse

3

Caution: May contain
occasional pit

\$3.00



To
The People of the United States,
As an Humble Tribute
To the Magnificent Past, and
In Anticipation of the Still More Glorious Future
of a
Great and Noble Land,
We
Dedicate this Book.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PROGRAM



ACT I

Scene I	Opening
What's Going On	
Scene II	Sports
Body Shapers	
Scene III	Day
Swish & Swing	
Scene IV	Lounge
The Flirt	

EMANUEL UNGARO

BECOMING THE WOMAN IN THE SUIT
by Anna

The first big queer event I went to after coming out to myself as bi was Out/Write last year, the queer writers conference. I'd been volunteering for them for a while beforehand, too, typing letters, running errands, etc., for the coordinator, Sue. I was unsure of myself and didn't talk much, showing up for work in my short skirts and tights, paranoid that Sue would call me on my new-found sexuality and not let me into the club. At the same time, I really admired her -- she was my mentor -- calm, collected, patient, respectful, funny, butch. Her girlfriend was pregnant.

When the big weekend finally came around I was totally wired from lack of sleep. I had never seen so many queer people in one place before and I kept having to tell myself that I belonged here. My senses were overwhelmed, I was trying to look everywhere at once. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I started seeing them. Just one every now and again, then a couple all at once at one of the events. Women. Women in suits.

Adult Children of Heterosexuals played for the dance the last night of the conference, and Lynn Brown, one of the back-up singers became my instant lust object for life. Cool and lanky, loose suspender straps framing her bony hips -- she was wearing a suit.

What was it that got to me? These women were head and shoulders above the rest of the crowd; it was like they were spotlighted. The way they walked, the way the suits fit, the look in their eyes. It got to me. It still does.

So I thought -- yeah, that's who I want to be with.

My first girlfriend, after 10 these many years, is going to be a woman in a suit who will sweep me off my feet and take me there where I've never been.

Well, ok, so it's a little more than a year later, and I'm in love and she doesn't have a suit to her name. This has not been a problem. And then came the cross dressing show.

My pal, Karen F., has ins at Harvard, and invited me to a talk there about transgendered folk in conjunction with the show and Marjorie Garber's seminar. (Would you believe I haven't read her book, Vested Interests yet? I will though, I will.) The talk was given by the photographer Mariette Pathy Allen, whose book you should check out. It was my first cognizant encounter with the idea of cross dressers who aren't necessarily gay, (though they're for sure queer, which is not, in my book, a euphemism for gay); that's also where I met Nancy. Nancy used to be John, but she transitioned. She talked about how things have gone pretty well at work, except for one man, who no longer talks to her, and for the fact that her colleagues need her to always wear skirts because they don't want to slip up and accidentally call her John if she shows up in slacks. She talked about how difficult some parts of her life have been, how important it is to her to live as a woman -- so important that it came before everything else. She didn't really know why it was so important, just that it was.

Then a woman in the seminar talked a little about coming out as butch in working class bars in the midwest, how by the Big Bad Dads, how she'd lived as a man for 2 years. I'd been a little nervous before the talk, thinking maybe this was going to be boring or irrelevant to my life; by this point, I was nearly hyperventilating. I felt a physical need to hear more about those Dads, those years as of the corner a man. And I kept watching Nancy out the way she positioned her hands on the table, the way she brushed her hair back from her forehead. Allen had spoken about the first time she'd photographed a cross dresser and felt like she was looking directly into this person's soul. I sort of knew what she meant.

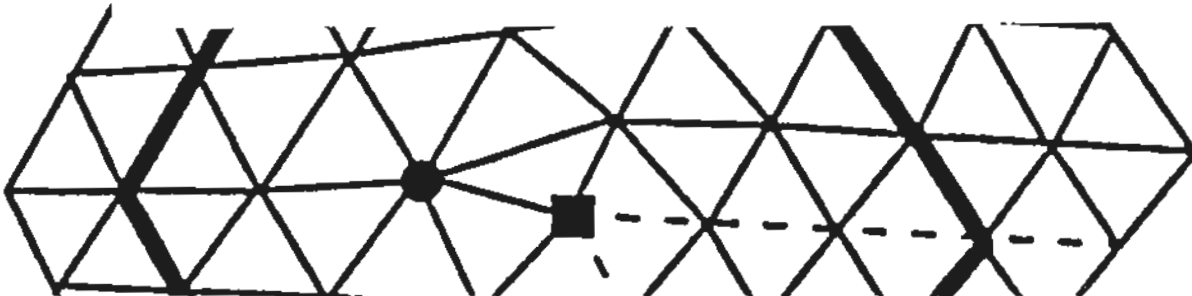
Allen and Nancy were here for opening night of Currents 93: Dress Codes at the ICA, which Karen and I also planned to attend. before, on a The weekend lark, she and I had gone to the Garment District and I had bought a suit. A nice green-grey number from the 60s. I looked good in it. I felt great in it. But as opening night approached, I started to freak out. What did it mean to want to wear a suit? I've had fun being femmy for a while -- what was this going to do to my image? What did I want it to do? Did I want to be butch? What was going on? I just knew that it felt important. I thought about Nancy opening her little leather purse, like the one I had in high school, to give me the in-vite to the opening night reception. I wore the suit.

fab. And loved it. I looked fab. I felt hot: girlfriend thought I looked swell. I felt baby sexy and suave. I wanted to waltz my high round the dance floor one time. I was than I felt like I was walking in a different space love to usual, and I liked it. When I escorted my a Chinese restaurant later on, my fortune said:

(b)

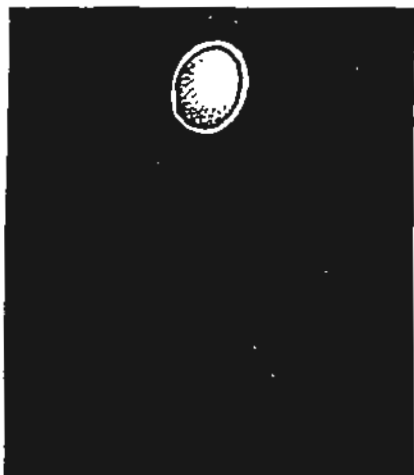


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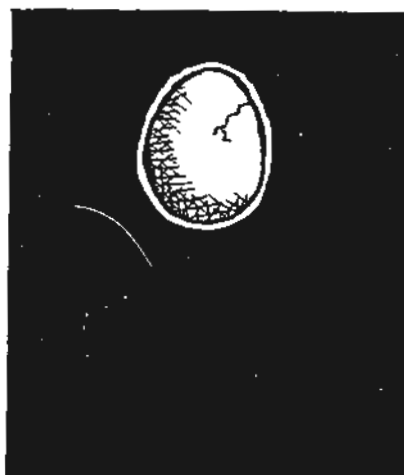


TWELVE FIFTEEN

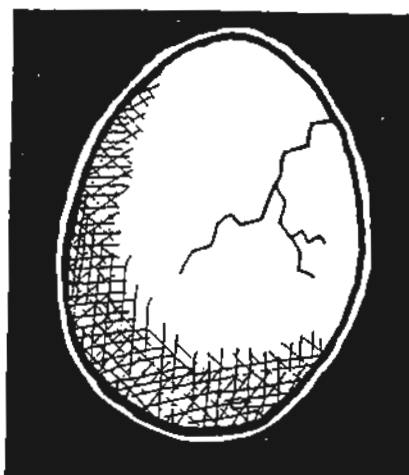
O' Sullivan



I wandered lonely as a cloud



That floats on high o'er vales and hills,



When all at once I saw a crowd,



A host, of golden daffodils;



Beside the lake, beneath the trees,



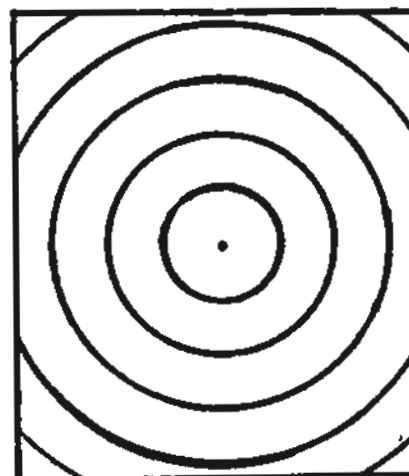
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.



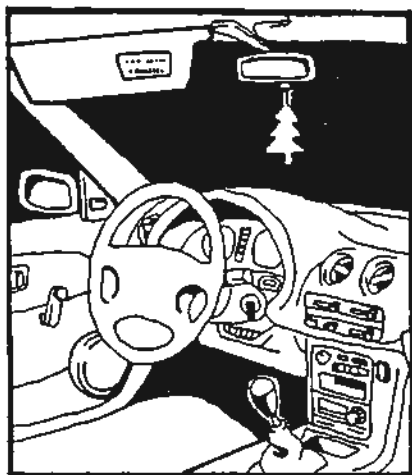
Continuous as the stars that shine



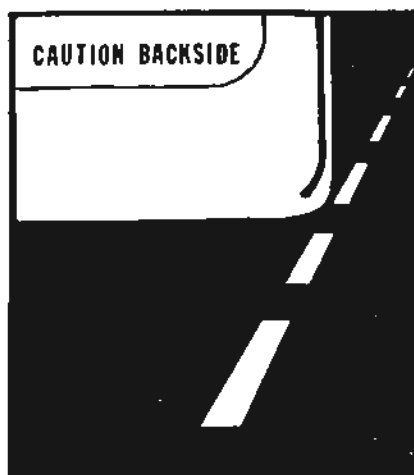
And twinkle on the milky way,



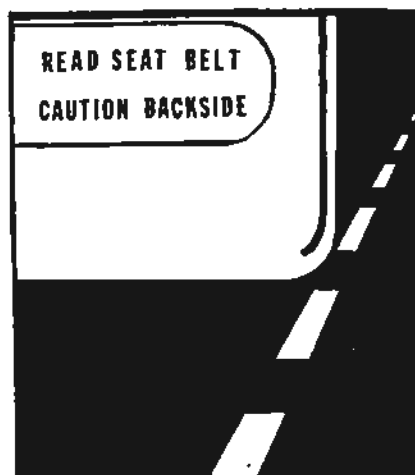
They stretched in never-ending line



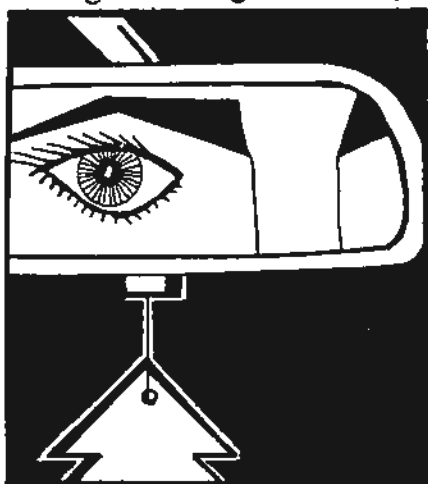
Along the margin of a bay:



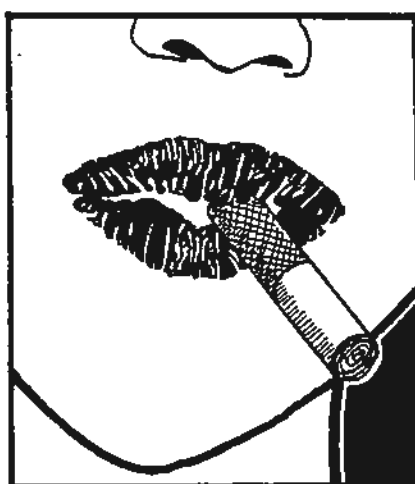
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,



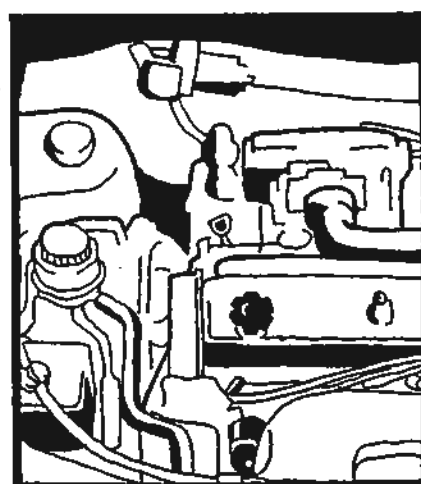
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.



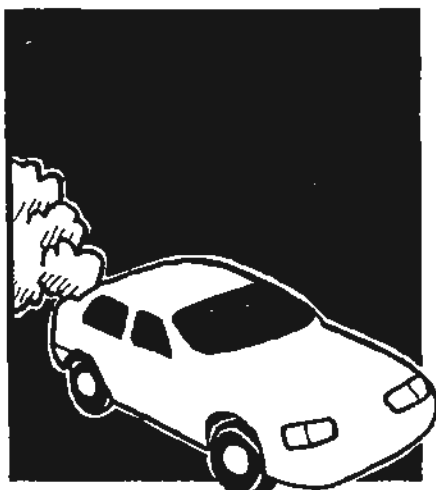
The waves beside them danced; but they



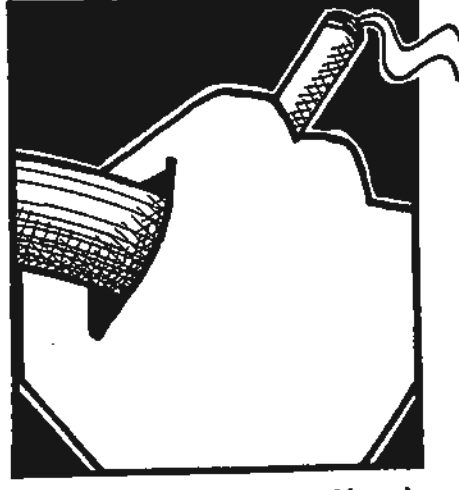
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;



A poet could not but be gay,



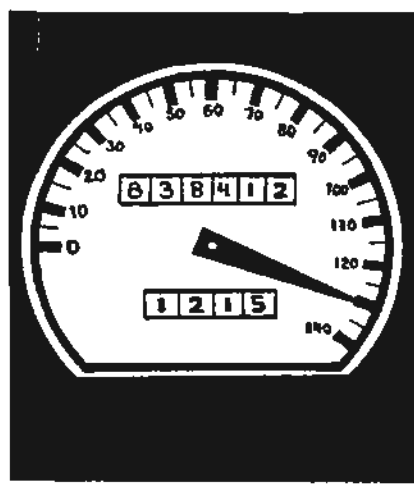
In such a jocund company; I gazed—and gazed—but little thought



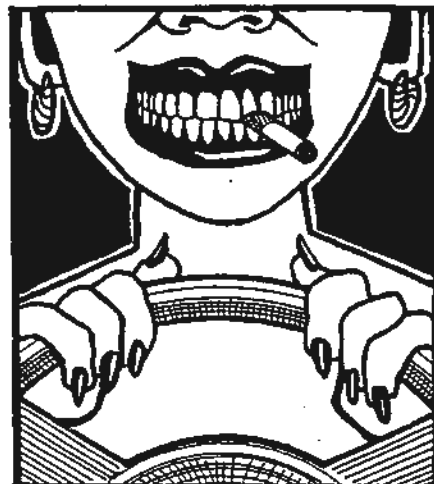
What wealth the show to me had brought:



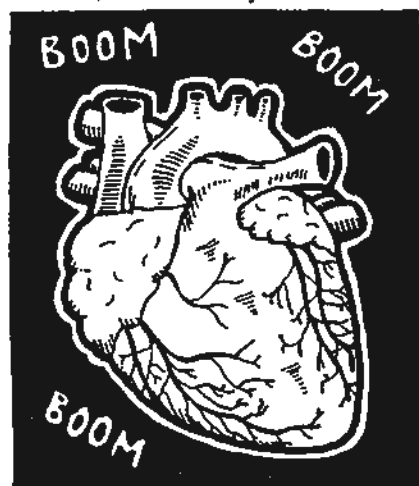
For oft, when on my couch I lie



In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye



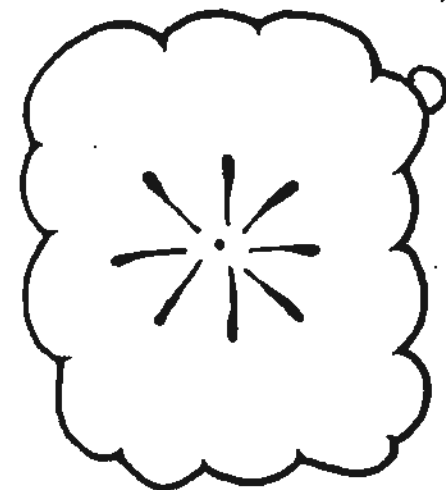
Which is the bliss of solitude;



And then my heart with pleasure fills,



And dances with the daffodils.



THE END

RACE, SEX AND THE POLITICS OF LOVE: OR
WHY STRAIGHT WHITE WOMEN CAN'T GET A DATE IN HAWAII
BY
KAREN KELSKY

White men: saviors, feminists, sensitive, egalitarian, supportive, sexy, powerful, rich;
Asian men: dickless, skinny, Confucian, sexist, nerdy, selfish, social strivers, kung fu masters;
White women: the "third sex," unfeminine, bitchy, spoiled, cows, selfish, Amazons, fat,
blotchy, frizzy-haired; Asian women: petite, delicate, feminine, appealing, sub-
missive, docile, low-maintenance, exotic. Do these words shock you? They shouldn't.
Do you know how firmly this racist hierarchy of desire is entrenched in the white
male American con- sciousness? Do you know that it may be entrenched in your own
brain, too, as well as the brains of virtually every-goddam-body else in this
great nation of the United States? Or maybe I'm just over-sensitive.
You see, I live in Hawai'i, and in Hawai'i, straight white women
can't get a date with a white man. Because, straight white men basically
only date Asian women here. I exaggerate? Well, yes, for rhetorical purposes
I do. Be forewarned, this is a manifesto. But if I had the space I would
transcribe the local personal ads (Erotic SWM, just returned
from Japan, seeks sweet, unpretentious, thin, petite Oriental
girl"), and then you would understand. For now you just have to believe me. I am a white female
PhD candidate at the University of Hawai'i anthropology department, studying interracial relation-
ships between Asians and whites (not that that's why you should believe me), and my husband is
Japanese. I'm speaking not as an "anthropologist" here but as a white woman who lives in Hawai'i,
who has an Asian husband, and who is in the field of Asian Studies. And what is it that I'm try-
ing to say? That white women, for whatever it's worth, have been, as sociologist David Minkus
puts it, "displaced by Asians as the fantasy object of desire" for white men. But wait, you say,
even if this is true, what's to prevent white women from following the wonderful,
"progressive" example of white men, and date non-whites — in this
case, Asian men? But this is where it gets complicated.

You see, here in racist America, we are trained to see Asian
men as dickless losers. Scholar Richard Fung titles his ground-
breaking essay on American media depictions of Asian men,
"Looking For My Penis," and in it he observes: "Whereas, as Fanon
tells us 'the Negro...is a penis,' the Asian man is defined as...having no sexuality
...a striking absence down there." I might ask you, have you ever seen a virile and attractive
Asian man depicted in our media? (And please don't mention "The Lover." He may have been
buff, but his character was a wimp). Consequently, I have found that the vast majority
of white women, consciously or unconsciously, do not consider Asian men a viable
option. This is called racism, and I am not excusing it. However, as Curtis Chung
has claimed (in a column entitled "Why I Date White Women"), even Asian American
women, "seem to take on faith the insidious party
line about Asian men — small, boring,
selfish. 'A big white guy,' they might
casually say, as though there are no big
Asian guys...(or) 'fun white guy,' some
women casually say, as if to imply
that you have to be white to be fun."
I might add, however, that "big, hairy, fat, feminist" white women are not seen
as real attractive by a lot of Asian men either. In the same article, Curtis Chung
goes on,

I find many attractive qualities about Asian women. They
are sensitive to unspoken feelings...They have fine skin,
slender figures, pretty hands, even a pleasing body odor.
What are you saying, Curtis? That white women are insensitive, fat, coarse fingered and
smelly?

Of course, this is deeply conflicted territory. As Japanese American woman Jan Masaoka writes poignantly,

I guess that one of the most difficult things for me to understand is how to relate to my boyfriend who is white...loving him, hating myself for loving a white man, hating him because

he's white...feeling guilty for not having an Asian boyfriend, feeling that I'm taking unfair advantage of my social and sexual mobility racially when Asian men don't have that mobility, and being afraid of what other people think about my going with a white man — it's just really frightening.

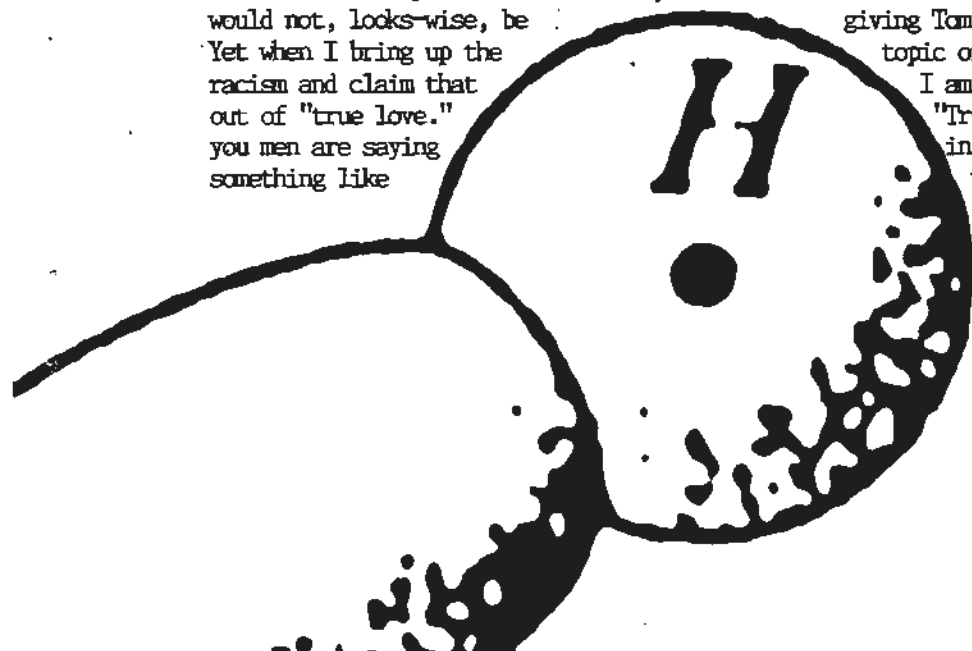
Chinese American man Anson Gong writes, equally poignantly:

As a student activist I worked with many Asian American men and women. I noticed that some of these active women whom I admire were going out with white men. This 'bugged the hell out of me'! Were these women doing something contradictory and hypocritical?... Are we AA men really perceived as wimpy, asexual, unattractive geeks? Even by some progressive AA women? Do they find white men more attractive than AA men? I don't know. I struggled with these questions for a long time.

And just to round out the quotes, here's MaryEllen Nugent Lee, a white woman who is married to a Korean man:

When we started dating, I asked him about his former girlfriends. Shyly, he confessed that there were no others to speak of: I was shocked! This kind and handsome, thoughtful and intelligent man had never been involved. Why? 'What would a Korean woman want with me when she can have an American serviceman (who can give her) more money and a ticket to the U.S.?' he replied.

This is heavy stuff, and I particularly want to respect the words and conflicts of Asian and Asian American women and men who are forced by our racist, sexist society and world to confront these issues. Issues about which white men are pretty much indifferent/oblivious, and issues in which white women are certainly not innocent. I'm not trying to point a finger at Asian women, or claim white womanhood as the newest victimized category. The system makes victims of us all. But I'm also pissed as hell. Because there's a hell of a lot of hypocrisy going on here too. The majority of white men I know out here date exclusively Asian women. They are surrounded by Asian women. They break up with their white girlfriends from the mainland in order to pursue Asian women. They divorce their middleaged white wives from the mainland in order to marry Asian women barely out of their teens. And, I might add, these are guys who would not, looks-wise, be giving Tom Cruise any close competition. Yet when I bring up the topic of race and sex, they accuse me of racism and claim that I am trying to make something political out of "true love." "True love??" Excuse Me? I know what you men are saying in your locker/boardrooms. It sounds something like this:



"Japanese women are not equal-time orgasm fanatics. They don't castrate their men psychically, which is more than I can say for a lot of American women"...
"Asian women are graceful, polite and considerate... white women are big, overweight Amazonians, with no bra, frizzy hair and lots of freckles"... "One trip to the shopping mall will show you why there is an attraction to rice rather than to lumpy mashed potatoes"... "Up here you've got all these incredibly obnoxious, dominating, demanding American and Australian women...down here you got all these feminine Asian girls. It's easier to bring these girls up than the other ones down..."

Can you say "fear of castration," boys and girls? Of course, in public it's described as an example of white male progressive multicultural sensitivity. According to bell hooks, in this "multicultural" age it's now de rigueur for white male liberals to sleep with a woman of color at least once, kind of as a rite of passage. E.g., "I'm not a racist. Why, I've dated Mexican women, Indian women, Black women and Asians!"

Yeah, yeah, I know what you're saying. Some of you are really in love. Well, I know that. But love doesn't make racism and power go away. It doesn't make politics obsolete. Because if love really has no color, as the Bennetton ads trumpet, if it really is just an issue of plain old "individuals," as the apologists claim, then why is there, on average, only one Asian male-white female couple for every ten Asian female-white male couples you see on the streets of Honolulu? And why are nearly all the mixed race TV newscaster duos, locally and nationally, made up exclusively of Asian women (or other women of color) and white men? Why is there always a single Asian woman on the Coors, Miller, Budweiser commercials, but no single Asian male? And why is she always paired with a white man?

Gentlemen, I haven't been skulking around the halls of academia in the unfortunate field of Asian Studies for ten years not to have overheard your little exultant peens to the Asian woman and your contemptuous diatribes against me. I know too that half of you (at least) are only in this field to meet Asian women anyway. I know, gentlemen, I know. Yet, when I try to speak, I am met with rage, fury, vituperative personal attacks, or worse yet, by my PhD committee, disinterest. "Oh, that's not compelling. This is an old story. We want to know new details about Japanese women. That's interesting. Do an ethnography of them. Not white women and white men." Not compelling to whom, I may ask? I'd say it's pretty damn compelling to me and to my white female friends, that we're disdained and despised by many of our own men. That this is the outcome of 100 years of American feminism. I am bitter, you say? Maybe. Bitter because I've lost friends, been personally attacked, been professionally patronized for even discussing this subject. I know I'm angry.

I have published and presented papers (obviously not as incendiary as this one) on these and similar topics in a variety of academic venues. But everywhere the response is the same. Asian men and white women, for the most part, praise my work; Asian women and white men (to be fair, not all of them) loudly, hysterically condemn it. At the same time, my dissertation committee says it's dull. (Is it significant that, of the five members of my committee, two are white men with Asian girlfriends, and one is a Japanese woman married to a white man?) How can what is so clear and compelling and frustrating and interesting to some of us be, simultaneously, enraging and "dull" to the other half? And when, may I ask, are we going to start asking some productive and potentially liberating questions about the intersections of race, sex, and the politics of love? Not in the past, not in the colonies, not in the nineteenth century, not in some other country, but today, right now, in our own lives? Why is it that, as Abou Framan observes, "when the foundations are questioned, everyone becomes uncomfortable, feeling attacked on a personal level...when race enters through the portals of the (very) personal, it loses its political"? Come on folks. This is what I say:
People wouldn't get so mad if they didn't have something to hide.

The Author



EVELYN WEXLER's majorly race- and genderfucked
book of poems, The Geisha House can be ordered
from Mayapple Press, PO Box 5473, Saginaw, MI
48603-0473, for ~~about~~ \$6.50.

The Yellow Kimono

Novice geisha serves me.
Stands against the light. Shojis
wide open. Behind him the garden.

Sun streams through tissue silk,
outlines curve of his back, boyish thighs,
relaxed, waiting shape of his sex.

Shyly he draws me to him,
disrobes me, undoes my hold
on the street. Strips heavy blue serge.

with bone buttons, unlaces my
oxfords, removes my kerchief,
does not care that my hair has gone gray.

Slowly I become naked.
The tatami under my feet
curves ridges in my soles.

He offers me two lucent bowls.
Shallow spirals of Mandarin oranges.
In each center a truffle

like nipple on his breast, floats in semen.
Tart and sweet. Her and him.
I curl my tongue around it.

He drops his robe. Skin holds
his glow. I race thunder.
Tenderly, like sea foam, like blessings

he wraps me in soft folds of his yellow
kimono, kisses my words. I mist in all my spaces,
turn liquid gold for shining geisha. The son.



Evelyn Wexler

SHIN-KEI
3 1/2
SHIN-KEI

沢のせなり

千昌夫
ベストアルバム



SHIN-KEI
ONARA
SHIN-KEI

"Some men bind women's hair,
and some dishevel it and let it down."

--Inscription on Japanese
print by Marayoshi, 1790s

The Black Kimono :

He slides apart the shoji screen
First the left one, then the right. Enters,
skin pale against the short black kimono.

Though I live in winter,
spill black ink on water,
my geisha sings to me of geese in flight
against a full moon. A river.
Though my eyebrows are shorn,
he unwinds my hair, dishevels it.
Wild. Wild hair.
I swing my head. Prowl.
He stays near my thrashing hair.
Lifts me to the willow,
lets me reach its mourning branches.
I feel its tresses, shrink from its black scrawl.
Take my ink and brush,
splatter his pure kimono.
Again and again I hurl promiscuous
dribbles at his gown.
Make red gashes.
He breathes and the slashes live.
Happy with my scarlet spatter
he laughs, unknots his sash.
The dropped folds of kimono sleeves ripple
into crevice of his elbows.
I bend my head against moist matted breast.
He swirls, delivers my sizzling, hectic hair.

...I stamp
my name on his bare thigh.
In red. In red...



The White Kimono

I am late.
My geisha has been waiting
her white kimono loose.
She moves impatient toward me
slips my dress away, releases my breasts
their burden cradled in her palms.
Slopes herself, cool against me.
Then holds my face between
devoted hands. Gazes long.
Engulfs my mouth with hers.
Her tongue translates me to glory.
She pulls me down beside her onto fresh futon
as though I were the first, the only one.

Her practiced hands glide along my skin,
belly. Fondle. Circle. I need.
She thrusts her nipple into my greedy
mouth. This room has forever.
Her fingers, prayerful, probe folds
under the arches of my chapel.
Genuflecting, I adore between her pillars.
My tongue, a serpent, strikes again
and again into her nave.
Twined, our bodies worship wombs.
Shatter the silence. Oh woman!
Heaving, shining, creaming woman!

It grows darker.
She bathes me, robes me.
Resplendent in her fresh gown,
she sets the koto on the mat between us.
I watch her pluck its thirteen silk strings.
She sings my songs.
Words from wells of long ago
fill her mouth with tomorrows.



Sci-Fi Confession

by Anna

I am compelled for some reason to read bad science fiction. I mean, I don't start out reading it because it's bad, usually I'm pretty excited at first. Take the book I just read, for example, The Wall at the Edge of the World by Jim Aikens. "A genuinely talented writer," gushes Science Fiction Chronicle on the cover. I wasn't immediately taken in, as I try not to judge books by their covers, but when I started reading it in the store, it looked like on of the kind I like: weird society which has sprung up after huge nuclear disaster, including extrasensory abilities. So I bought it.

And I'm reading along, things are interesting, it's the future, everybody is hooked into a telepathic net thing, the kless, they live in this nice place that used to be California, and then, all of a sudden, the peace is shattered by these wild women with bad hair who come over the wall mentioned in the title in search of husbands. See, their men have been dying and they need more. They really freak out the people behind the wall because the rest of the world is supposed to be empty, and plus, the wall people aren't used to violence. Anyways, the main guy, Danlo, and one of the women, Linnie, end up getting together because he gets lost outside the wall. And the most amagine thing happens. As soon as Danlo fucks her, Linnie changes from a strong rampaging warrior woman to a dickwhipped woman/child. She speaks lispingly in Danlo's language rather than make him learn hers, which would be more sensible, since she's the only one who knows how to survive in the wilderness. Instead, she cuddles up to him and says (I kid you not),

"Danlo strong, does many things," she murmured into his neck.

"Linnie thinks Danlo throws mountains, catches stars in mouth.

Linnie has air inside head."

I've been reading science fiction long enough to know what a racist, sexist history it has, and I'm used to being offended at least once or twice in the course of an otherwise good read, but this? It utterly amazes me that somewhere along the way Jimmy-boy didn't get called on his truly horrifying dickocentric despicableness.

Every hopeful, however, I keep picking up new novels, keep watching "Star Trek the Next Generation" night after night, trying to excuse the bad parts and latch onto the good parts. Sometimes it pays off: China Mountain Zhang by Maureen F. McHugh is really good, although she does fall into a sexist trap with one of her women characters. Otherwise, the world is really cool and well done: America down at the heels, China controlling the economy and influencing everything. The main character is a biracial man, half-Chinese, half-Latino, whose parents had him made over to look Chinese in order to advance his work possibilities. He's also bent, and this is not an easy thing, when being found out to be gay could get you way in trouble.

Another good read was The Cipher, by Kathe Koja, queen of yuck. Two extremely repulsive young people find what seems to be a tiny black hole in the closet of their run-down apartment building. They fuck by it, and the girl wants the guy to stick his dick in it. It just gets grosser. I really liked this book, but haven't built up enough strength yet to read her second novel, Bad Brains, which is sitting on my bookcase

COOLANT

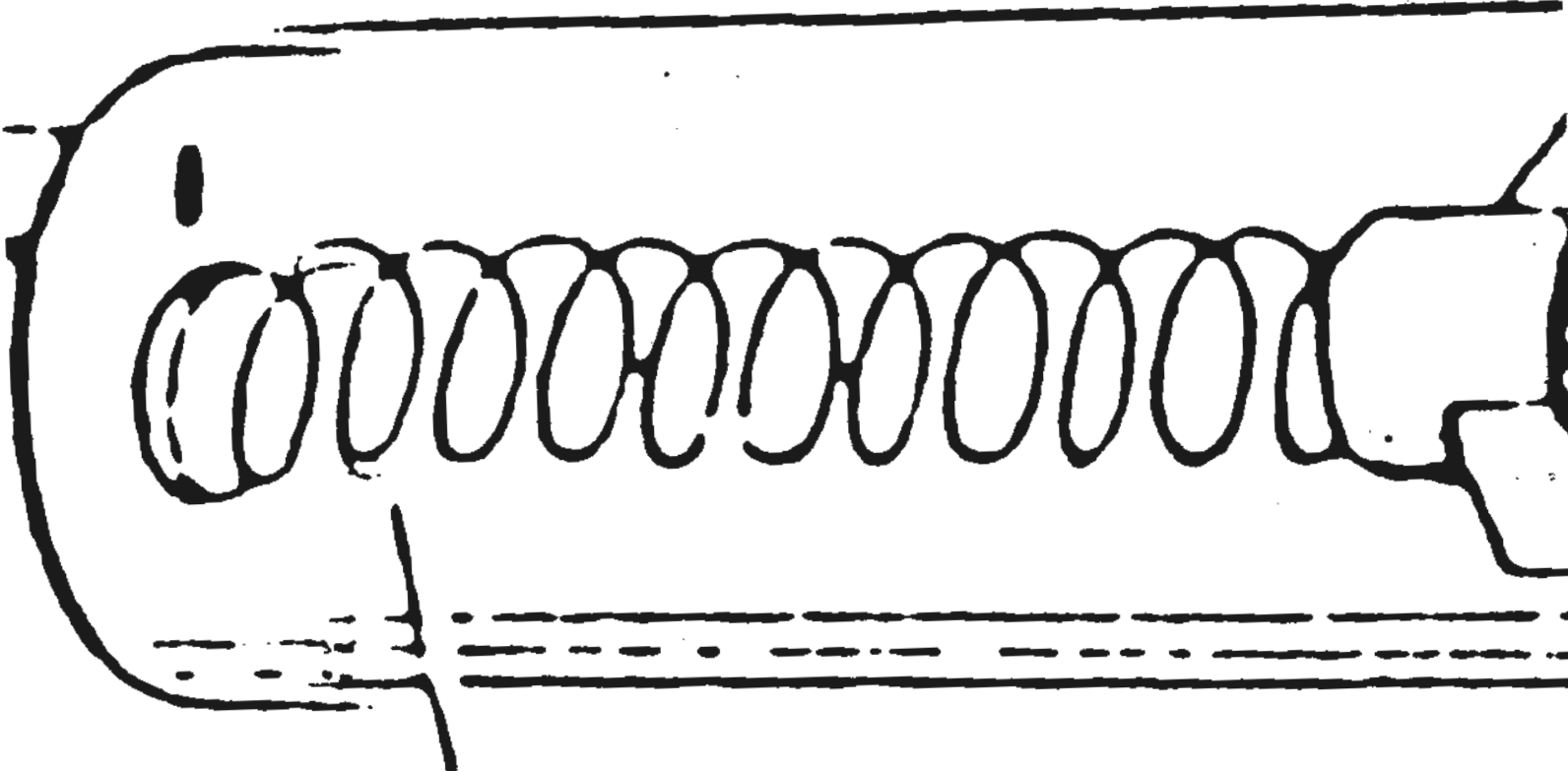
all shiny new
and scary, just
waiting.

FYI

On a recent "Star Trek the Next Generation" rerun, they went to this one planet, Onara. "Onara" means "fart" in Japanese.

**"It's as if we are on the
ship, and we could
actually be flying
through space!"**

GLASS TUBE





Sister

serves

up

some

jam

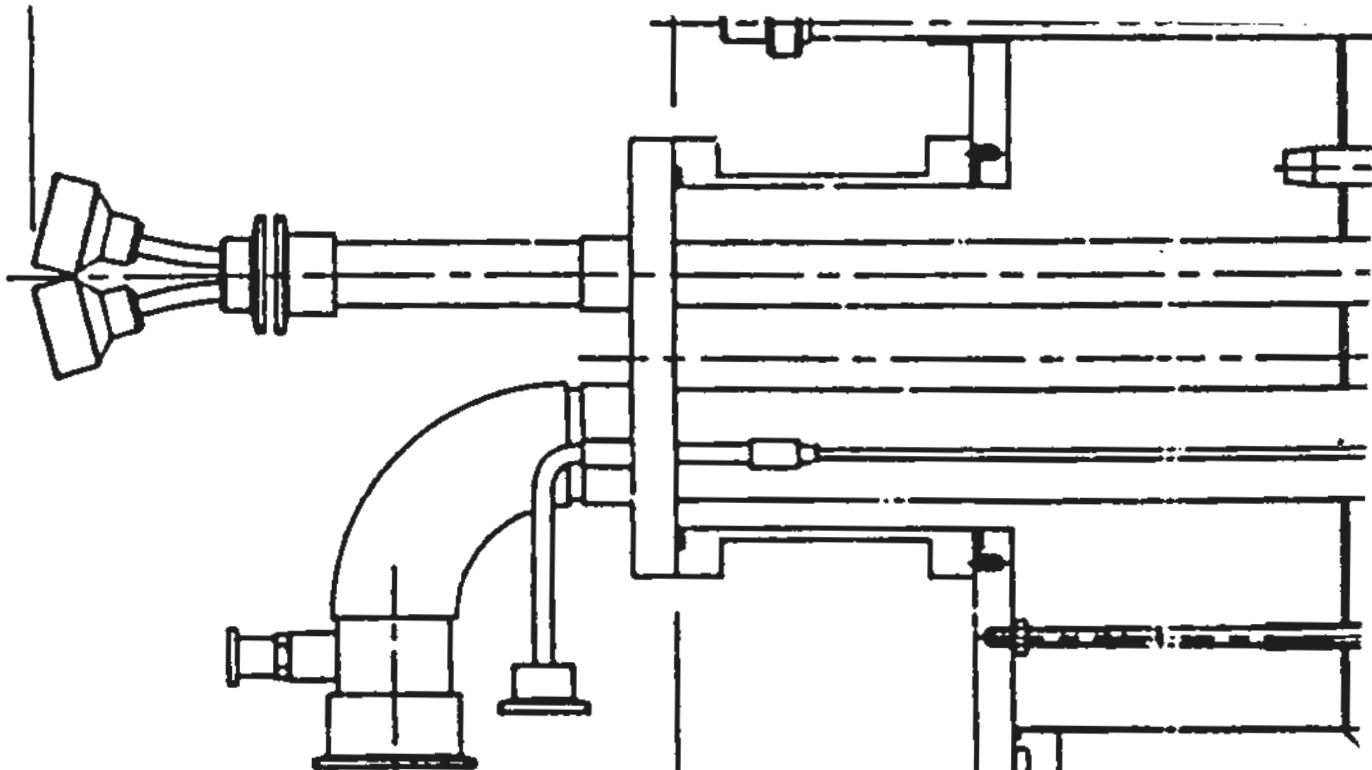
Sister

serves

some

jam

up



WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

THIS PAPER HAS BEEN SENT TO YOU FOR GOOD LUCK. THE ORIGINAL IS IN NEW ENGLAND. IT HAS BEEN AROUND THE WORLD 9 TIMES. THE LUCK HAS BEEN SENT TO YOU. YOU WILL RECEIVE GOOD LUCK WITHIN FOUR DAYS OF RECEIVING THIS LETTER PROVIDING IN RETURN YOU SEND IT ON. THIS IS NO JOKE. YOU WILL RECEIVE GOOD LUCK IN THE MAIL. SEND NO MONEY. FAITH HAS NO PRICE.

DO NOT KEEP THIS LETTER IT MUST LEAVE YOUR HANDS WITHIN 96 HOURS. AN R.A.F. OFFICE RECEIVED \$170,000,000. JOE ELLIOT RECEIVED \$40,000,000 BUT LOST IT BECAUSE HE BROKE THE CHAIN. WHILE IN THE PHILIPPINES, GEORGE WELCH LOST HIS WIFE 51 DAYS AFTER RECEIVING THE LETTER. HE FAILED TO CIRCULATE THE LETTER. HOWEVER BEFORE HIS DEATH HE RECEIVED 7,755,000,000.

PLEASE SEND 20 COPIES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN 4 DAYS. THE CHAIN COMES FROM VENEZUELA AND WAS WRITTEN BY SOUL ANTHONY DE GRAY A MISSIONARY FROM SOUTH AMERICA. SINCE THIS COPY MUST TOUR THE WORLD, YOU MUST MAKE 20 COPIES AND SEND THEM TO FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES. AFTER A FEW DAYS YOU WILL GET A SURPRISE. THIS IS TRUE EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS. DO NOTE THE FOLLOWING.

CONSTANTINE DIAS RECEIVED THE CHAIN IN 1965. HE ASKED HIS SECRETARY TO MAKE 20 COPIES AND SEND THEM, A FEW DAYS LATER HE WON THE LOTTERY OF TWO MILLION DOLLARS. CARLO DADITT, AN OFFICE EMPLOYEE RECEIVED THE LETTER AND FORGOT THAT IT HAD TO LEAVE HIS HANDS IN 96 HOURS. HE LOST HIS JOB. LATER AFTER FINDING THE LETTER AGAIN, HE MAILED 20 COPIES, A FEW DAYS LATER HE GOT A BETTER JOB. DAVID FAIRCHILD RECEIVED THE LETTER AND NOT BELIEVING, THREW THE LETTER AWAY. 9 DAYS LATER HE DIED. IN 1967 THE LETTER WAS RECEIVED BY A YOUNG WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA. IT WAS VERY FADED AND HARDLY READABLE. SHE PROMISED HERSELF SHE WOULD RETYPE THE LETTER AND SEND IT ON, BUT SHE PUT IT ASIDE TO DO IT LATER. SHE WAS PLAQUED WITH VARIOUS PROBLEMS, INCLUDING EXPENSIVE CAR REPAIRS. THE LETTER DID NOT LEAVE HER HANDS IN 96 HOURS. SHE FINALLY TYPED THE LETTER AS PROMISED AND GOT A NEW CAR.

REMEMBER SEND NO MONEY. DO NOT IGNORE THIS. IT WORKS.

ST. JUDE

WELL THAT IS WHAT WAS GIVEN TO ME. NOW I'VE PASSED IT ON. IT'S IN YOUR COURT NOW!

GOOD LUCK

100

195

WHO DID THIS TO ME?
In my opinion, it's
GOOD LUCK to break
chain letters.

(EXCLUDING WINCH)

DO NOT SCALE



GOT IT GOING ON LATIN OR GBM

Handsome, healthy, prof.
together GBM 34' 57" N2
passion, wkng out, arts.
gd conversation, laughs.
Sks same sexy uncut a +
Latin or GBM 30-40 for
frndshp & safe hot times.
BW Box 8201. ▼(9)

SEEKING ASIAN MAN FOR DATING

GWM 37 tall & thin. Attr.
bookish, unassuming.
Enjoy film, art,
conversation, fitness. you
are intelligent with slender
build. BW Box 198.(8)

**DO YOU EXIST?
SEEKING GBM**
26 yr old GWM 6' 180 br/br,
very gd lks, masc, smart,
prof, non prom sks manly
ties. All calls answered.
BW Box 3267. ▼(18)

CITY GIRL-COUNTRY HEART

GBF 35 5'6" attr, fit, enjoys
ski, hike, bike, dance,
romance. Sks GWF, fit,
same likes for friendship or
more. Take a chance. BW
Box 3573. ▼(45)

TAOISM?

GWM 39 (lks younger) dk
hair/eyes 170 sks G/Bi
W/E Asian M into martial
arts, Tai Chi, Taoism, etc
for frndshp/rel. Tops a +.
BW Box 3092. ▼(7)

GOING TO JAPAN THIS SUMMER

GWM 33 gdlkng, fun into
sports, movies, arts etc.
Discreet sks GAM 19-29 to
experience culture &
frndshp & learn about you.
BW Box 3020. ▼(9)

GM LATINO HUSKY 26 SKNG BROTHERS

For friends or more. Be
Latino/black 20-35. I'm
sincere, funny & down to
Earth. You be the same.
POB 8143 Boston MA
02114. BW Box 3163.
▼(9)

DONDE ESTAN LOS HISPANOS MACHOS?

Gringo 30 intelectual,
guapo, divertido, masc,
altoforni, do, barbudo,
peludo aspecto Ital,
romantico busca Hisp
macho, dom. para amores,
amistad. BW Box 3897.
▼(3)

WILL TEACH ORIENTAL ART OF LOVE

Oriental BiM 45 sks M/F
couple to make up my mind
sexually over softness of
sensual F or hardness of
hung BiM while teaching
art. BW Box 3916. ▼(4)

RAISE MY RED LANTERN!

Hotlkg, warmhearted, GAM
24 sks cool gdlkg caring
masc nonsmknig intel
GWM 24-36 for exciting
crosscultural romantic
relationship. BW Box
3040. ▲(30)

WOMEN SEEKING MEN

Attractive half-oriental/cauc., SF, 20,
5'6", seeks SM, 21-35, local Japanese,
Hawa./Cauc. or other mix for cycling,
bodybuilding & romance? P.O. Box
61383, Honolulu, 96839.

inter skin

RACE, she said...

and inter-racial
relationships...

...racism and desire
color and sexuality...

...is she gonna
try to be
funny?

...and how
about species
hierarchies?!

...liliane picked
"her" out of the
litter because
her coloring
is less
common...

...now... let's stop
being so chickenshit
cowardly
and
say
something...

...sure she
finds my
coloring
exotic...
but she
got me fixed...

...hello, you "Mousie" readers!!
...this here is liliane, bisexual
comicbook character!!

...it is speciesism
...she didn't
even introduce
us!

...i just wanted to say that i find
all the theories of attraction
of similarities and
differences very confusing!!!
... right now i have the
hots for a black woman
rugby player... for
a white francophone
butchy door-dyke,
and an antisocial younger
man- who's straight.

... i am fascinated by how the
penis works... how that limp
fragile flesh responds to
what i say and do...
... it's amazing how
someone i share books
and music with can
have such a different
body from
me...

...and i have no problems saying
i want to feel this guy's
stubble... the exotic world
of male shaving rituals...
scritch scritch!!

...imagine the stubble
if we shaved!!!

...and even tho he's younger
than i, he's balding on
top!!! ... the hairless
top of his head is
Sooo... soff!! what
a trip!!!

...my hairs softer
than yours... as
well as a
prettier
color!

...but now, he and i are both members
of that "white" race - even
tho he's francophone and
male and straight, and
i'm anglophone, or rather
bilingual, and female and
lesbian, or rather
bisexual...

So certain things
are kinda okay...

...Even tho he finds
shaving and balding
kinda personal
and a bit
Embarrassing.

...i once watched
Liliane shave off
her pubic hair!

...now, this rugby girl... she's
real hot!!! ... she's strong and
muscky and has this
lovely British...
well... Londoner...
accent she uses to
call me "Babe"...

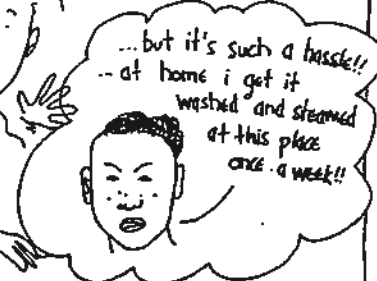
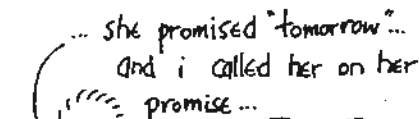
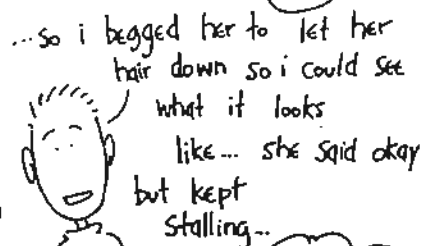
...she hates
being called 'Babe'
usually!!

...she is this beautiful warm
brown color... with freckles!!
... and she shaves her
head on the sides...
...i watched her get
it shaved once...
pretty cool!!!

...they shaved my
stomach when they vetoed
my reproductive rights...



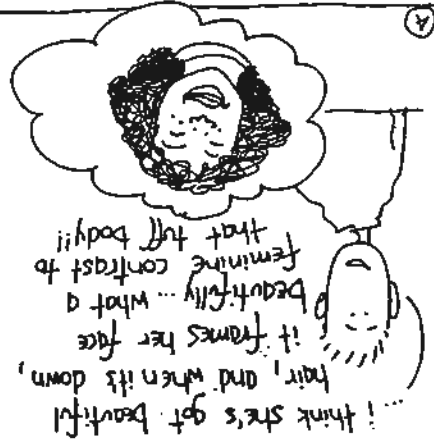
...should put her on hormone treatment like when my hair started thinning!



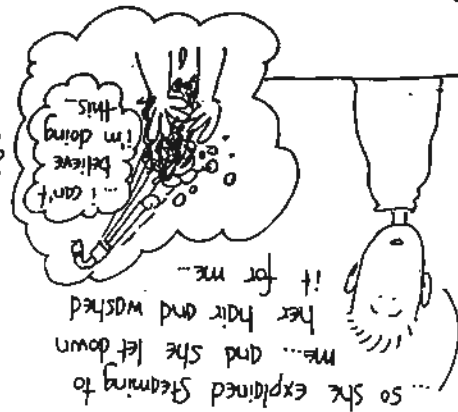
"steamed ???"...
my ignorance was evident...



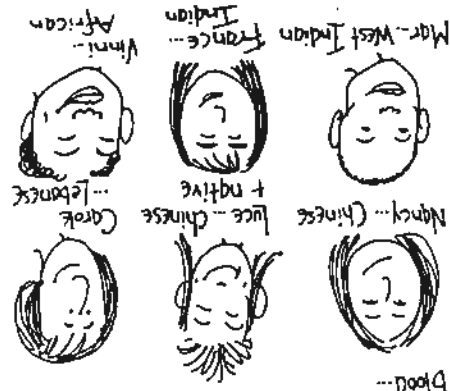
...she's NOT gonna say that!!



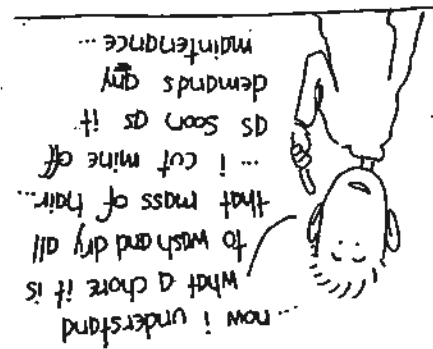
...! think she's got beautiful hair, and when it's down, it frames her face beautifully... what a feminine contrast to that tuff body!!



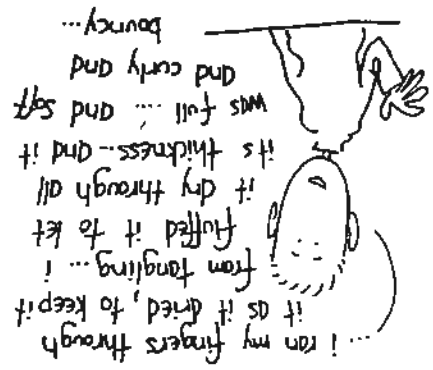
...so she explained Steaming to me... and she let down her hair and washed it for me...



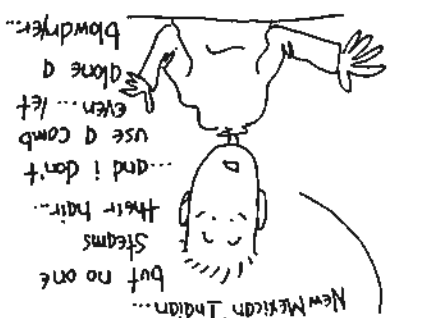
...! searched my friends for non-white blood...



...now! understand what a chore it is to wash and dry all that mass of hair...! cut mine off as soon as it demands any maintenance...



...! ran my fingers through it as it dried, to keep it from tangling...! fluffed it to let it dry through all its thickness--and it was full... and soft and curly and bouncy...



...and my brother is half New Mexican Indian... but no one steams their hair... and I don't use a comb even... let alone a blowdryer...

...but it seems this sexy woman's reluctance to show her hair went deeper than issues of tangles...
...seems there are smacks of racism in all this bodily curiosity...

...she could scarcely believe that i liked her hair...
Cuz i was only the 2nd white woman she'd dated who actually liked it!!!

...and it's so gorgeous!
...and smells good too!

...liliane snuffles pillows to smell people she likes!

...so is it racist to like her hair? ... does it mean i'm attracted to her "exoticism"?
...and what about my thing for the London accent?

...maybe she thinks liliane's Canadian accent is "exotic"...

...and what about the Butchy Door-Dyke... who is racially similar, but looks masculine and won't let me touch her hair at all?...

...well... did i address the issue at hand?...

...you didn't say anything about animal rights...

...anyone can pet me!!

...only if I want them to...

...do you think black + white too ordinary? END!!
(5)

Seminal books from the Seventies

this one reviewed by ROSEMARY LEWIS

Who doesn't know Alive, the account by Piers Paul Read of the 1972 airplane crash in the Andes? A Uruguayan rugby team chartered the flight from Montevideo, Uruguay, to Santiago, Chile. Most of the passengers were young men — rugby players. For the trip to be financially possible, the remaining seats on the plane were sold to friends, supporters, and family members, and a married couple on their second honeymoon.

Though the seventies were a time of political unrest in many South American countries, including Uruguay and Chile, the boys on this trip were from traditional Catholic backgrounds. They all possessed a deep belief in God. Thus, once faced with the reality that their rescue was not imminent, they looked towards the bodies of those who had been killed in the crash, who died from their wounds, or who perished in a later avalanche, as a source of food.

The survivors believed the bodies were the vessels in which their friends' souls had resided. The souls having long since passed to Heaven. One survivor compared eating the human flesh to taking communion. "We eat the body of Christ for our spiritual survival," he said. "Now we'll eat of these bodies for our physical survival."

Ten weeks later, back in Uruguay, the Catholic church, though rejecting the communion analogy, supported the cannibalism on which the rugby players' survival depended.

The book has awkwardly written passages, making it seem like it has been translated from another language. It closely follows both the crash survivors and their parents back in Uruguay, who consulted with psychics and prayed to the Virgin of Garabandal, as well as hiring helicopters and airplanes, offering rewards, distributing flyers, and encouraging the air force to continue searching.

The boys grew weak as the time passed on the mountain. There was no vegetation or wildlife. They had an ample supply of cigarettes, but the candies, jam, and crackers from the airplane quickly ran out.

They ate the human flesh in small pieces, usually raw to preserve the vitamins. Eventually they also ate the internal organs. The bodies of those who died in the crash were favored because they had more meat than those who were killed weeks later in a nighttime avalanche.

The women were not eaten. Neither was a boy who was a cousin to several of the survivors.

There were daily squabbles and short tempers. Confidence in their rescue rose and fell. Bodily functions were an important part of daily life. The boys were either painfully constipated or had uncontrollable diarrhea. The cold and lack of food had a numbing effect on the sexual desires of these young men at their sexual peak.

Their rescue came after the two strongest boys marched for ten days, first reaching the highest summit, then trudging down into a valley where they met up with some Chilean villagers. Government officials were notified, and over the next few days, helicopters dangerously maneuvered to the crash site and air-lifted the remaining survivors.

The introduction to the book notes that the survivors, upon reading their story, wished it had expressed more strongly their faith in God.

Now, over twenty years after the crash, a movie based on this book is in the theaters. Recently, an article in the Washington Post followed-up with the men. Most came across as aloof. Two decades separate them from that trip to the Andes. They want very much to separate themselves from those days.

I was reminded of my mother's cousin, who fought in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. When I spoke to him about it — 45 years after the fact — he pooh-poohed what he'd done.

"I was a young man," he told me. "It was a long time ago."

COOLANT

CLAIRE OF THE MOON — "One woman's journey into her sexual identity."
Written and directed by Nicole Conn. Starring Trisha Todd, Karen Trumbo,
Damon Craig and Faith McDevitt.

reviewed
by Anna

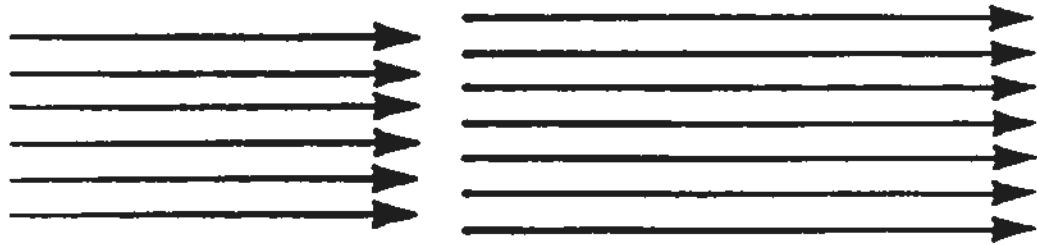
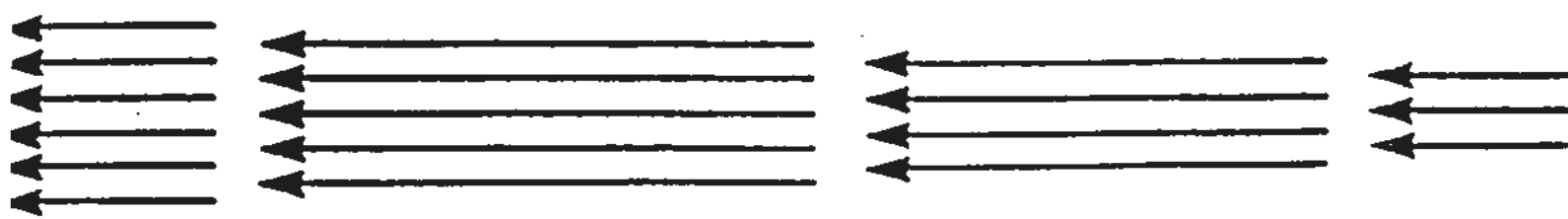


Well, what did I expect from a film that Barbara Grier of Naiad Press calls "a miracle"? But having just engaged in a bit of what I believe is referred to as Dyke Drama via the US mail and the telephone, I was in the mood for *Escape*, *Pretty Women*, *Hot Sex* and *Happy Endings*. Alas, it was not to be, although the first shot looked promising: Claire and her boyfriend fucking on the floor — not what you normally expect to see at the opening of a lesbian movie.

As soon as the first word is spoken, however, after Claire has hopped into her sporty little car with the custom license plates ("CeaJae") and headed out to a writers retreat on the coast, I knew I was doomed. Doomed to sit through another shitty piece of work we whymen are supposed to revere simply because it has women fucking in it. The acting was horrible, wooden and unbelievable, as was the dialogue and the plot.

Like most bad films, there was an overriding sense of smugness about the movie, as though the actors knew something we didn't. This is one result of poor writing and editing — things kept coming out of nowhere, people's emotions were unfathomable, their actions obscure. When the wiry old dyke who runs the writers retreat (well, at least she looked the part) blurts out angrily, after a long tirade a propos nothing ~~much~~ that I could see, "When you eat pussy, you eat pussy!" I almost gave up and went home. What was she so angry about? Who knows.

I guess the idea sounded good to Conn and her supporters: a sexy, devil-may-care, sensuous type, author of the wacky Life Can Ruin Your Hair — oh yeah, and she thinks she's straight — ends up rooming with an uptight, broken-hearted, intellectual shrink who's working on pornography for her next book (guess if she's pro or con). At first, they hate each other. Claire goes to the local hangout and fucks men and the shrink can't deal with Claire's laissez-faire house cleaning, her odd hours and her incessant smoking; Claire thinks the shrink needs to chill. But the wiry old dyke who runs the place knows better, and sure enough, the two women — who both look good in jeans — start gravitating towards each other.



Claire becomes curious about what it's like when women do it, but is blown off several times by the shrink and blows her off in turn. I mean, it takes them forever to get it together, hampered as they are by terrible dialogue: "It's hard to share paradise with a stranger." "We come from such different worlds." And the inevitable, "What are you afraid of, Claire?" As for the writers colony, it's peopled with one-dimensional, stereotyped women: the spacy, new age mystic, the unenlightened-but-getting-there housewife, the way-far-out poet, the southern bell who writes romance fiction about throbbing organs, and, of course, the wiry old dyke mentioned above. Add to this a bit of muddled dialogue about men and women and intimacy ("I didn't hate them, but pity them - I understood power," says Claire of men. "If men can't batter and abuse in some powerful, bleeding way, they're helpless and lost forever. Extinguished from the mother's breast...") and there you have it. One sexy dance scene and this is supposed to be the next "Desert Hearts"? Why does there have to be a next "Desert Hearts" anyway? "Desert Hearts" is perfectly fine the way it is - why can't there just be a wide variety of well-made films about women's sexualities in all their many forms? Why does there have to be just one allotted lesbian film every 10 years?



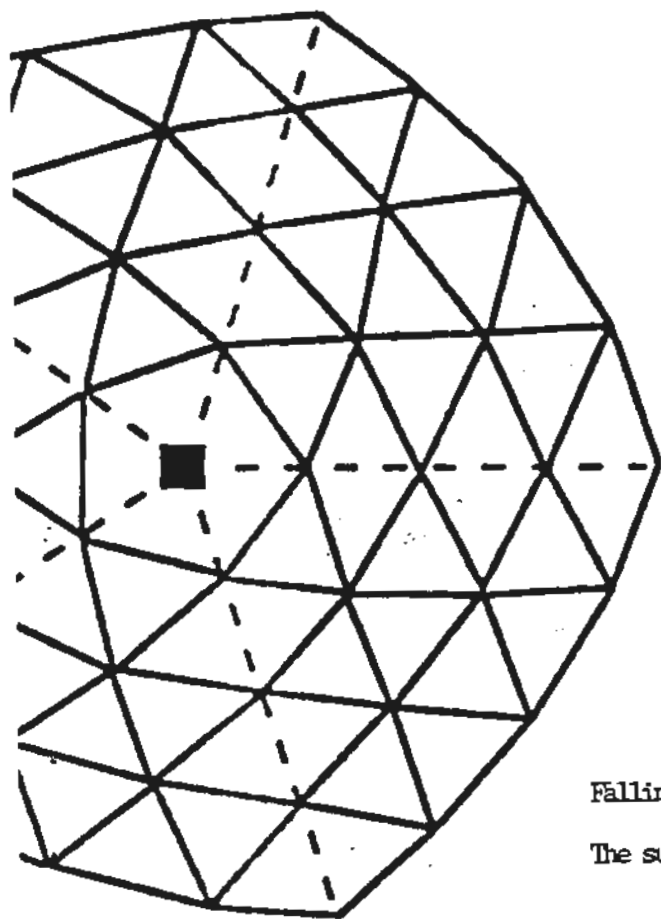
So, at the end, has Claire converted? Throughout the film we see her joyfully fucking men. She also joyfully fucks the shrink. The last shot is of the two women strolling along the beach laughing and talking and short of hopping around. Is (gasp) the sexual identity Claire is journeying into bi? Sure, why not - but do we even want this film? I, personally, do not. I was insulted by "Claire of the Moon" - I expect and deserve better, as do we all. I do my best to support the truly creative, moving lesbian/bi works in the hopes that someday I'll be able to choose a movie that's innovative and real, instead of having to slap down six bucks for the latest "miracle".

poetry by Brian Smith

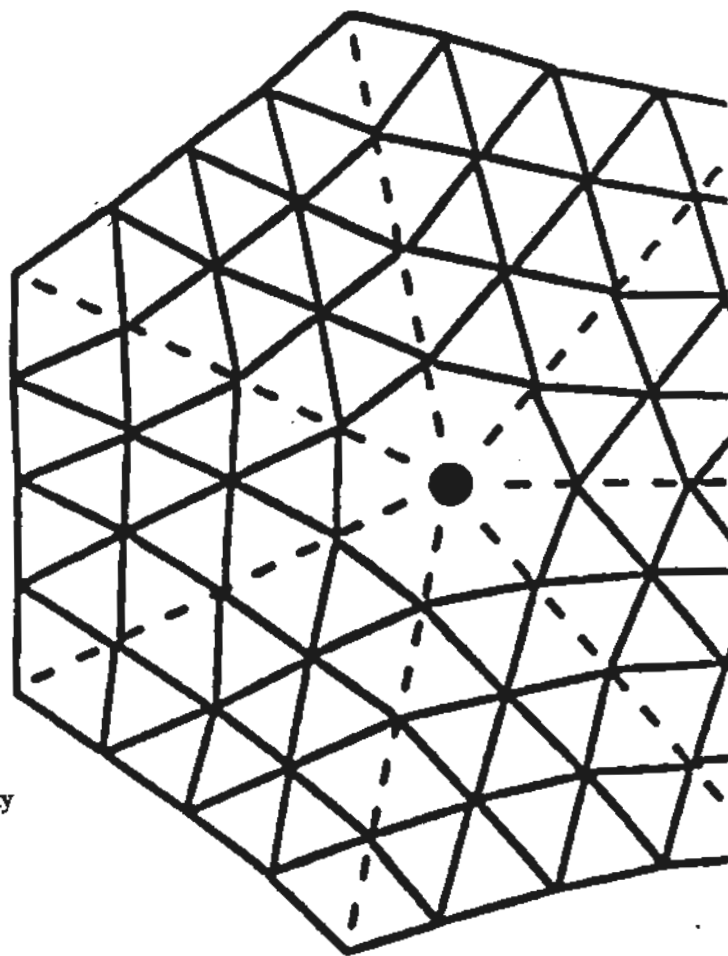
Awake 5:14 In the Morning
Composing

I knew it was there —
The moon — I opened the door
& there it was.

(b)



Falling in infinite
variety
The summer moon.



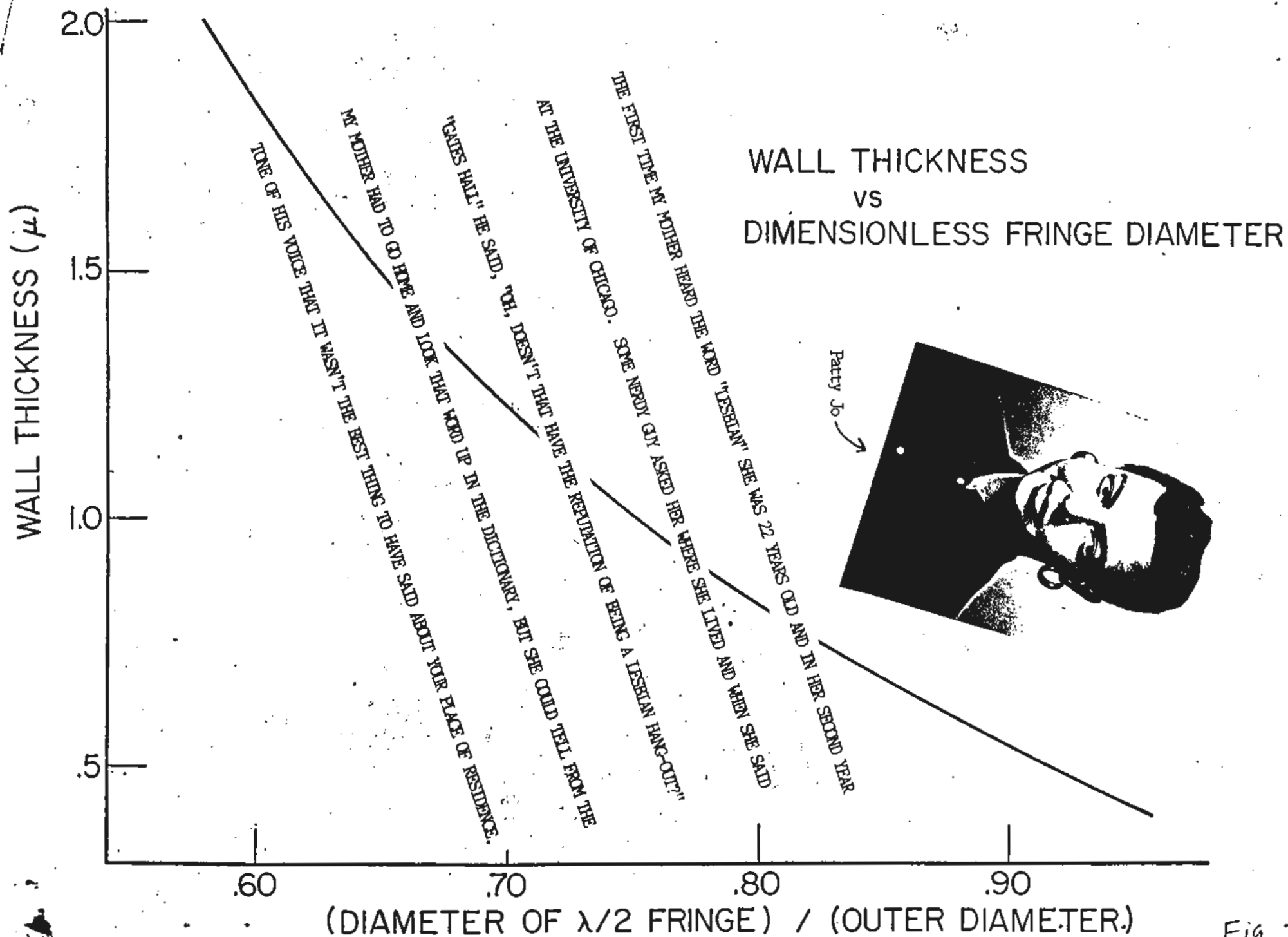


Fig 7



THE MOST MEANINGFUL SONG OF ALL

"Daniel" by Elton John



What do you think "Daniel" is about?



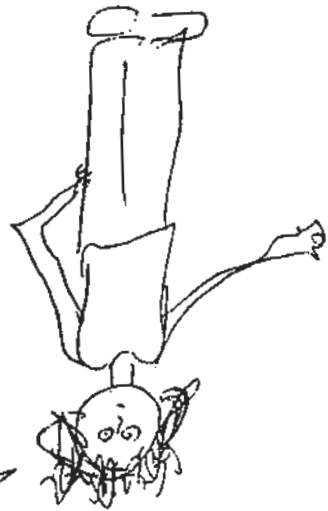
ANNA

When I was a kid, I was very excited by "Daniel". A directly of was a brave song by a gay man to the man he loved, you know! "Daniel, my lover, you were older than me..." Now I think it's about Viet Nam.



LAURA

It's about a blind man. Probably his brother. He's going to Spain...



CHRIS

It's about Jesus.



ANANDA

I don't know it. Did it come out before 1984?

The Total Woman

MARABEL MORGAN
President
P.O. Box 380277
Little River Station
Miami, Florida 33138

SHARON HOLLINGER
Executive Assistant
P.O. Box 386
New Madison, Ohio 43046
(615) 996-5361

November 5, 1992

Dear Anna,

Thank you for your recent letter to Marabel. As you may know it is impossible for Marabel to answer her mail on a personal basis. However, she has read your letter very carefully, and has asked me to reply.

I am pleased to tell you that Total Woman is alive and well in the 90's! Seminars are still being offered around the country by request. These seminars are still taught by authorized instructors of the program. If you are interested in bringing a seminar to your area, that can be done without cost to you or your church or organization. If interested, feel free to contact me for details.

In the past years, by teaching these seminars, I personally have discovered that we women are basically all alike. We want to 1) feel good about ourselves 2) want our lives to have purpose and meaning and 3) we want to love and be loved. Total Woman offers a program that gives specific direction and builds confidence. It's principles are timeless.

Thank you for sharing your interest with us. If we can be of further help, do let us know.

Sincerely,

Sharon Hollinger
Sharon Hollinger
Assistant

Marabel Morgan

Post Office Box 380277
Miami, Florida 33138
(305) 924-0011

Dear Friend:

I have just written a new book entitled, The Electric Woman, which is dedicated to every woman

Who broke her nail,
Or dropped a plate,
Or changed a diaper,
Or gained five pounds,
Or lost her glasses,
Or got a runner,
Or burned the roast,
Or waited to checkout,
Or argued with the repairman,
...this week.

Each of us is constantly bombarded with downers of all types - not only the A-1, heavy duty, all-purpose, wipe-out downers, like divorce, disease or death, but also the mini-downers - the little diddy-squat irritations that nag us - the broken plate, the broken nail, and the broken promise, all day long.

Most women have no problem coping with the uppers. They can handle success and the fun times and the parties, thank you. They seem well-equipped for fame, fortune and beauty if it comes their way.

But what about those downers? Life is what happens when we're sitting around making other plans. How can we turn these electrical impulses that impact our system to work for us rather than against us? How do we prevent these negative charges from wiping us out instead of vitalizing us to action? Is it possible to channel all this electricity, these exasperating lightning bolts, into a rainbow?

You bet it is! Life is the art of improvisation. The Electric Woman tells how to meet life with cheerfulness, to face tribulation with a strategy, in three different ways:

* Coping with Downers gives Four Ways to Make It Through The Plight - Customize, Cleanse, Challenge and Claim.

* Hoping for Uppers gives Four Stretching Exercises which (hope-fully) will create an environment in which uppers are likely to happen - Dream, Dare, Do and Determine.

* Sharing with Others gives Four Tips For Tired Lovers, Mothers and Others - Laugh, Lift, Love and Listen.

The book, The Electric Woman, is now available in hardback at \$11.95 plus \$1.05 for postage and handling. If you would like a copy please make your check for \$11.00 per book payable to me and mail to the above address. I will be glad to personally sign any copies you wish.

Wishing you total joy,

Marabel Morgan
Marabel Morgan

The Total Woman Seminar IS HERE

Would you like to become more organized?
Want an even better marriage?
Need a challenge or change?

Then come to the TOTAL WOMAN SEMINAR

SEMINAR SCHEDULE

Saturday, October 17, 1992

8:30 - 9:00	Registration & Coffee
9:00 - 12:00	Session 1
12:00 - 1:00	Lunch Break
1:00 - 3:00	Session 2

Cost: \$25.00

SHARON HOLLINGER

The seminar, focusing on self-improvement and marriage enrichment, was organized by Marabel Morgan, author of the runaway best-seller, The Total Woman. The Total Woman Seminar is based on this book! She is also the author of Total Joy and The Electric Woman. Marabel felt her marriage was losing the sparkle of the first year and she wanted it back. Through extensive reading and experimentation, she developed some attitudes and methods that really worked for her and now are available to women in our community.

Instructor of this seminar is Sharon Hollinger from New Madison, Ohio. Sharon has been an instructor for 17 years and represents "The Total Woman" worldwide. She is a wife and mother of two children.

This seminar is a positive, refreshing look at a woman's role as an individual, a wife, and a mother. It is challenging and enthusiastic course that is based on sound Biblical and psychological principles and guarantees that leave you motivated!

MORE ON MARABEL

SEQUEL PHENOMENON AUTHORS

Singular Sensations

Richard Bach, Marabel Morgan and David R. Reuben each wrote one bestseller. Then, despite subsequent efforts, each slipped from the limelight.

L.A. Times 2-15-93

By S.J. DIAMOND
TIMES STAFF WRITER

It's the dream of authors, the lifeblood of publishing and talk shows. It's the "phenomenon" bestseller, a book whose huge success few predicted but many will gladly explain.

In a classic case, the book starts with a limited printing and less promotion and "just takes off," moving up the charts, out into worldwide sales in the millions. And the little-known author makes the tours, takes the money and quickly tries to extend the "phenomenon."

The word is *phenomenon* because whatever grabbed the public, it wasn't a major new literary talent. It was an idea, so right for the time and the public temper that it could sell two, four, maybe even more sequels in rapid succession, describing a long coda of substantial but declining sales until the basic idea was finally used up.

To the general public, what alicke is the book that started it. They'll ask, whatever happened to the guy who wrote that book about the sea gull? The "Total Woman"? The doctor who wrote "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex"?

For starters, that's not all they wrote. . . .

□

At first, Richard Bach couldn't sell anyone his story of a sea gull dedicated to flying "for the joy of flying" and not just transport. "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" was short, precious and heavy-

ly inspiring. ("The gull sees farthest who flies highest.") It was universally rejected.

The Long Beach minister's son hadn't written it so fast either. He started it at age 23 in 1959, when the beginning appeared to him, mystically. "In Cinema on my wall," and he "mulled it around" for eight years before the ending came to him. During that time, he did a lot of flying and a lot of writing, including three books about flying—flying airplanes.

Just when his agent advised him to drop this book about the bird, an editor at Macmillan who also flew planes and liked one of Bach's other books wrote to him. The result: Macmillan (which had once turned "Jonathan" down) did a first printing of 7,500 in 1970, and "orders kept coming in, with no promotion, all word of mouth," says Bach. "People were seeing things in 'Jonathan' that I had no idea were there."

"Jonathan" has since sold an estimated 30 million copies in 30 dozen languages. What's more, Bach had more books in him, and more bestsellers—from 1977's "Illusions: The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah" to 1984's "The Bridge Across Forever" and 1988's "One." The last two sold a mere third of a million copies each—creditable but no "Jonathan." Almost all, says Bach, "use flight as a method to reach inside my heart."

He was also good at the TV shows and the tours. "I could talk about Jonathan," he says. "He was a dear, dear friend who could teach me a lot."

Unfortunately, he who flies highest also tempts fate. Bach, he says now, was

"not anywhere near ready to live the consequences of the commercial success." He made millions, couldn't handle it and "did what many did, found a friend and said, 'You handle this.'" By the end of the '70s, he'd lost a fortune, owed a fortune in taxes and declared bankruptcy.

But like Jonathan, he has prevailed. With the help of his second wife, Leslie, whom he married in 1981, he's got "extremely organized" and is now not just solvent but also very comfortable. He lives near Seattle and flies a para-glider—"the closest thing to real flight I've found."

"Trying to strike a balance between 'overexposure' and 'keeping a hand in,'" Bach only occasionally gives public talks now. As for writing, "every book seems my last, until along comes one I can't run away from and I'm waking up at 6 a.m. writing notes."

Meanwhile, his 25-year-old son—Jonathan (of course)—will "take a turn." Morgan, Richard Bach's current publisher, is about to come out with Jonathan's "Above the Clouds," a book about his relationship with his father.

Marabel Morgan's "Total Woman" was a woman's guide to attaining the good life by making her husband happy. Laced with Christian maxims, it seemed an unlikely bestseller in 1973. Its very premise guaranteed to offend the emergent feminism of the day.

Her publisher, a religious house, gave it a first printing of 5,000—her idea of big. They ultimately sold more than 3

Please see SEQUEL, B3



Richard Bach in his para-glider: "The closest thing to real flight I've found." He now says he was "not anywhere near ready to live the consequences of success."

THANKS to Mark Pritchard of the fine zine Frighten the Horses, for this update on Marabel.

SEQUEL

Continued from B1
million copies, and paperback and foreign editions sold several million more.

Morgan, a Miami resident, was as amazed as her publisher. She was not a writer but a housewife, she says, who found herself "married six years, not communicating with [my] husband and fearful about the future. I'd been trying to change him, which didn't work, when a light bulb went off. I was going to change myself." This involved offering her husband heavy doses of appreciation and calculated "elasticity," including a variety of scary "costumes" to greet him at the door. (The most famous—Saran Wrap—was not her idea; someone had written her suggesting it.)

It worked, noticeably. Her women friends began asking "What happened to Charlie?" and urged her to share her secrets at living-room gatherings for \$15 a person. When the wives of a dozen Miami Dolphin players came and later joked that her teachings led to their husbands' Super Bowl victory, Morgan became famous.

The book "was just a condensation of my class," she says, and was hardly anti-feminist. "I wasn't even aware of a feminist movement. I was involved with the diaper pail." Besides, she was talking to all women. "I think if you're married, you want it to be happy, not miserable. And [the book] struck a nerve because we're all the same: We want to be appreciated."

Open and unassuming, she admits she found her sudden stardom "hard to handle. I had two little kids, my comfort zone was the kitchen—and I was sitting across from Barbara Walters. But my brain just kicked in, and I talked." She interrupted her multi-city tours to go home on weekends, relieve her baby-sitting mother-in-law and do the wash.

The classes continued, at their peak involving 75 teachers, and Morgan continued to write. "Total Joy" (1978) also sold 1 million copies, offering more on marital life, her own and that of others. It

was followed by the quieter "Total Woman Cookbook" (1980) and "The Electric Woman" (1985), which gave harried modern women advice on "how to create an atmosphere of uppers" in a life of ups and downs.

All wasn't uppers for Morgan. She didn't mind criticism, believing "controversy's good." But she did mind reporters churning up tales (untrue) of impending divorce and rejecting her denials.

Moreover, Morgan, now 55, has had some health problems, includ-

'[The book] struck a nerve because we're all the same: We want to be appreciated.'

MARABEL MORGAN

ing thyroid cancer several years ago—a series of downturns that have only set her philosophy "in concrete." "If you feel low," she says, "start cheerleading. The Bible says that as a man thinks in his heart, so is he. And I say a cheerleader never quits, regardless of the score."

Her daughters are grown, one an attorney, the other working in public relations. Total Woman Inc. still runs seminars. Morgan still lectures on marriage and family relationships, and her belief in her approach is "stronger than ever."

Other blockbuster authors, though equally unknown, were a lot less open and ingenious in their celebrity. Once only opaque or evasive, they're now, as the agent of one puts it, "unreachable."

"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)" was David R. Reuben's first book, but the California psychiatrist was not overwhelmed. He had a talent for public appearance—he was on the "Tonight Show" a dozen times—and he wrote four more pop health books in the decade after his 1969 hit. Then he essentially disappeared.

"Everything You Always Wanted to Know . . ." rode the crest of

the sexual revolution, giving participants information about exactly what they were doing. It was apparently much-needed: The book sold 1.5 million in hardcover, 11 million in paperback, and worldwide sales approached 40 million. It even sold to the movies, or at least its title did, with Woody Allen supplying the rest.

Reuben stuck with sex for two more bestsellers ("Any Woman Can" and "How to Get More Out of Sex"). He then shifted to nutrition, which sold only slightly less well than sex ("The Save-Your-Life Diet" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Nutrition"). His last—and least—book was 1982's "Mental Health First Aid Manual."

For all the apparent medical expertise, Reuben was somewhat scant on both academic references and professional credentials and didn't much welcome questions. According to the American Medical Assn., which he never joined, Reuben, now 59, had a medical degree, an internship and only one year of a psychiatric residency. He had no record of further training or specialty certification—only "self-designated specialties" in psychiatry, nutrition and clinical pharmacology.

For a while, he practiced in San Diego, changed his name (from Rubin to Reuben) just before his first book, then let his California license lapse in 1978.

By decade's end, he'd had enough of both American practice and public life. He'd offended feminists by his vision of the post-menopausal female as old, unattractive, "no longer a functional woman." Gays protested what seemed a negative stance on homosexuality. The National Academy of Sciences sued him for disparaging comments on its Food and Nutrition Board.

So he moved to Costa Rica—for "peace," he wrote. In the last decade, he has written mostly, and infrequently, for the Reader's Digest—on the dangers of smoking and autism. The Digest says he doesn't want to be interviewed or included in any article. But that may change. His New York agent says he's working up a new book—subject unknown.

I got this from a Boston edition of Riot Grrrl.
M. Calico Rechy, I LOVE YOU!

The Adventures of Radical Randy

By M. Calico Rechy ©1992



Women,
ARE YOU SICK
OF WATCHING
MEN PEE or
SPIT on the
Street whenever
or wherever
They want to?

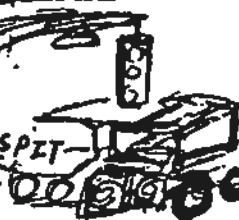


It's like
The whole
World is
marked by
Targets that
Trigger a
certain part
of a man's
brain telling
him:

HEY BUDDY,
PEE HERE,
or
SPIT THERE.



But, I do
know it's
quite gross
to watch!



Quite Frankly,
It makes me
want to go out
there and
cross out
All those
PEE and
SPIT
Targets.
I'll put an
end to
this male
madness!



Maybe it's
a thrill
they get
out of it,
you know,
a MACHO
Thing!
WHO KNOWS!

LATER:



Sincerely,

Anthony Palacios

Anthony Palacios

47172

P.O. Box 2

Lansing, KS 66043

Hello:

It is comforting to see that an alternative press source like Mousie has covered such overshadowed and often mainstreamed media exploited topics as interracial relationships and bisexuality. Both of which are near and dear to my heart since I am a bisexual Hispanic man who enjoys being with Asian and black men. The mainstream media generally portrays each only as a black and white issue. That is a shallow view and doesn't reflect what is actually happening. I have personally been with Asian men who said they like being with black men and vice versa. White men have told me about their pleasurable experiences with Asian men. What it boils down to is that we are all human and race and color doesn't matter.

structure of the ethylene molecule C_2H_4 .
ier : one σ bond due to sp^2 orbitals of the typ
als at 120° with this one form the C-H bo
itals.





置き手紙

細川たかし
オリジナル・アルバム

Why I Still Run with Men, Every Now and Again

They can fuck me real good,
some of them, and
they tell me stories
the likes of which I don't get
from my woman friends

by Karen F.

like drug-running stories, cross-
country trucking stories, prison
and army stories, mob-explosion
stories and tales of big-time
scam

So I let them regale me.
fuck me,
then I go back to women
again

STONE BUTCH BLUES

by Leslie Feinberg

reviewed by Anna

I inhaled this book, I needed it. Once I started reading, I remembered that a section had been in The Persistent Desire; A Femme-Butch Reader, edited by Joan Nestle, which I also inhaled. It was the part about how Butch Al takes our hero, the young he/she, under her wing to teach her what it means to be butch. That is so appealing to me, the whole idea of apprenticeship, of learning how things are done. At any rate, I highly recommend Stone Butch Blues, even though it gets a tad sappy/romantic/first-novelish at times. It's still a rollicking good read.

Being relatively newly out, I've gotten a lot of history all at once — from rabid Michigan Womyn's Festival stuff about genetic girls to stuff about s/m and genderfuck, all at once. So it was great to read a novel that brings to life the pre-Stonewall era: the working class bars of Buffalo where drag queens and he/she's got a small percentage of the place one night a week, the whole butch/femme network in the factories... The level of violence the characters in the book have to put up with is almost beyond belief. No one can arrest me for putting on my suit and walking down the street, but back then you had to have at least 3 items of women's clothing on or anything went.



Stone Butch Blues contains such important information and chronicles such a crucial time in our history. Leslie Feinberg's is the voice of one of our elders. Read this book.

(b)

I had heard horror stories about butches and their femmes trying to shop for a suit at Kleinhan's clothing store. But this time Kleinhan's was in for some discomfort as three powerful queens in full drag helped me pick it out.

"No," Justine shook her head emphatically. "She's an emcee, not a fucking undertaker."

"Earth tones," Georgetta turned my face in her hands, "because of her coloring."

"No, no, no," Peaches said, "this is it." She held up a dark blue garbardine suit.

"Yes," Justine sighed as I came out of the dressing room. "Yes!"

"Ooh, honey, I just might swing for you," Georgetta exclaimed.

Peaches fussed with my lapels. "Yes, yes, yes."

"We'll take it," Georgetta told the salesman, who looked visibly annoyed. "Tailor it for the child. And make it look nice!"

The salesman pulled the tape measure from around his neck and tried to chalk the trousers and jacket without touching me. Finally he straightened up. "You can pick it up in one week," he announced.

• "We can pick it up today," Georgetta declared. "We'll just walk around the store trying things on till it's ready."

"No," the salesman blurted. "Come back in two hours. Just leave now. Just leave."

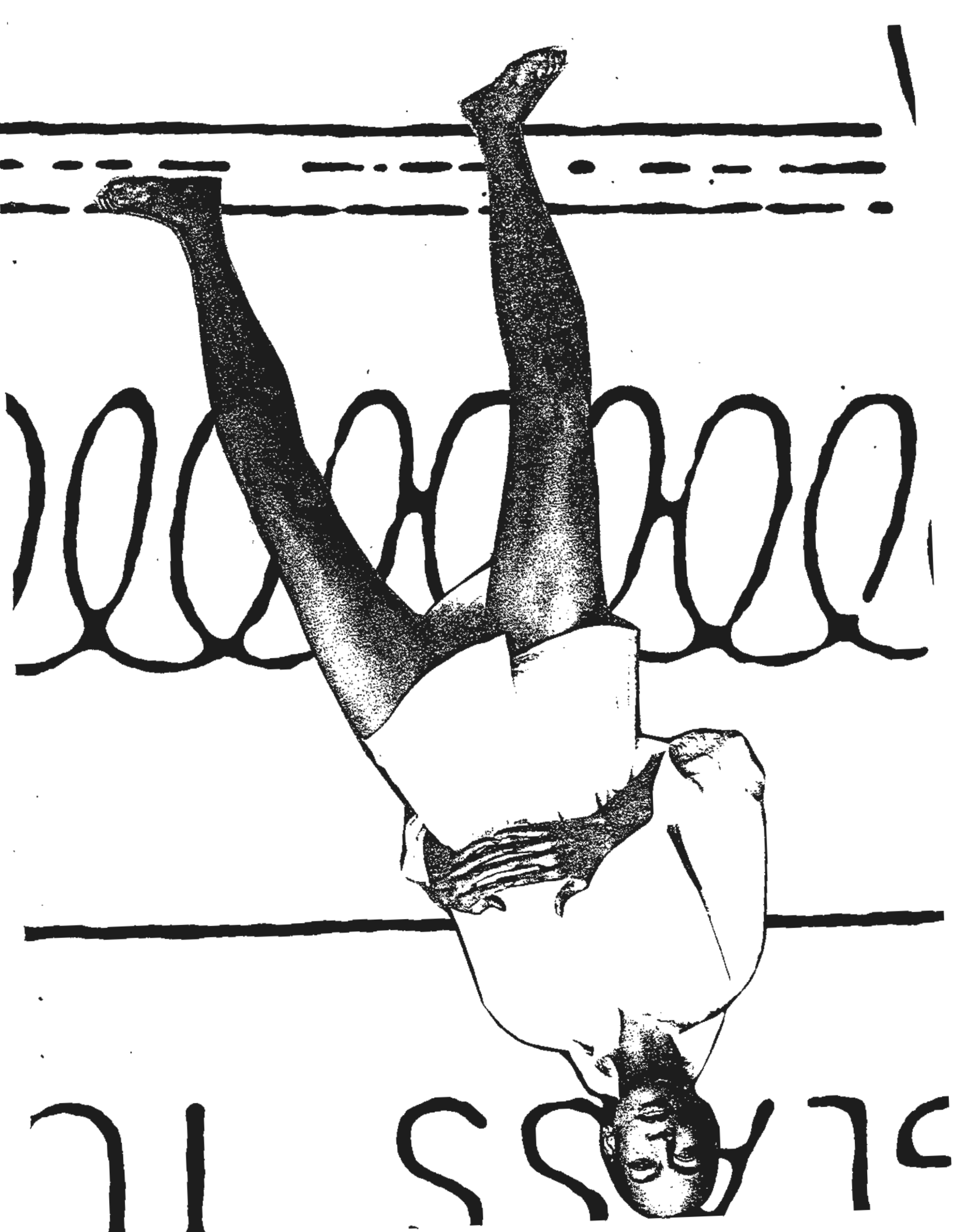
"We'll be back in an hour, darlin'," Justine said over her shoulder.

"See you," Georgetta blew him a kiss.

"C'mon." Peaches waved for me to follow. "It's our turn." They steered me toward the store next door. We were headed for the lingerie department.

the ethylene molecule
bond due to sp^2 orbital
with this one form th

Jess and her first suit from
STONE BUTCH BLUES by Leslie Feinberg



A MACHINE CALLED BETTY

It was not love at first sight. Call it something else: curiosity, amusement, fascination, desire, but it was not love.

Clarice was not a wealthy woman. She had no trust fund to fall back on, only the black futon couch which she made into a bed each night before she fell to sleep and dreamed of lovers past, present, and future.

Clarice was not broke, but she had to be careful with her money all the time. She was a smart shopper. She knew how to cut corners, but Clarice was also a woman of fine aesthetic sensibilities who took pleasure in sensuous and sensual delights — a woman who loved to make love; a woman who loved a dirty fuck. She was a lesbian. She was complex.

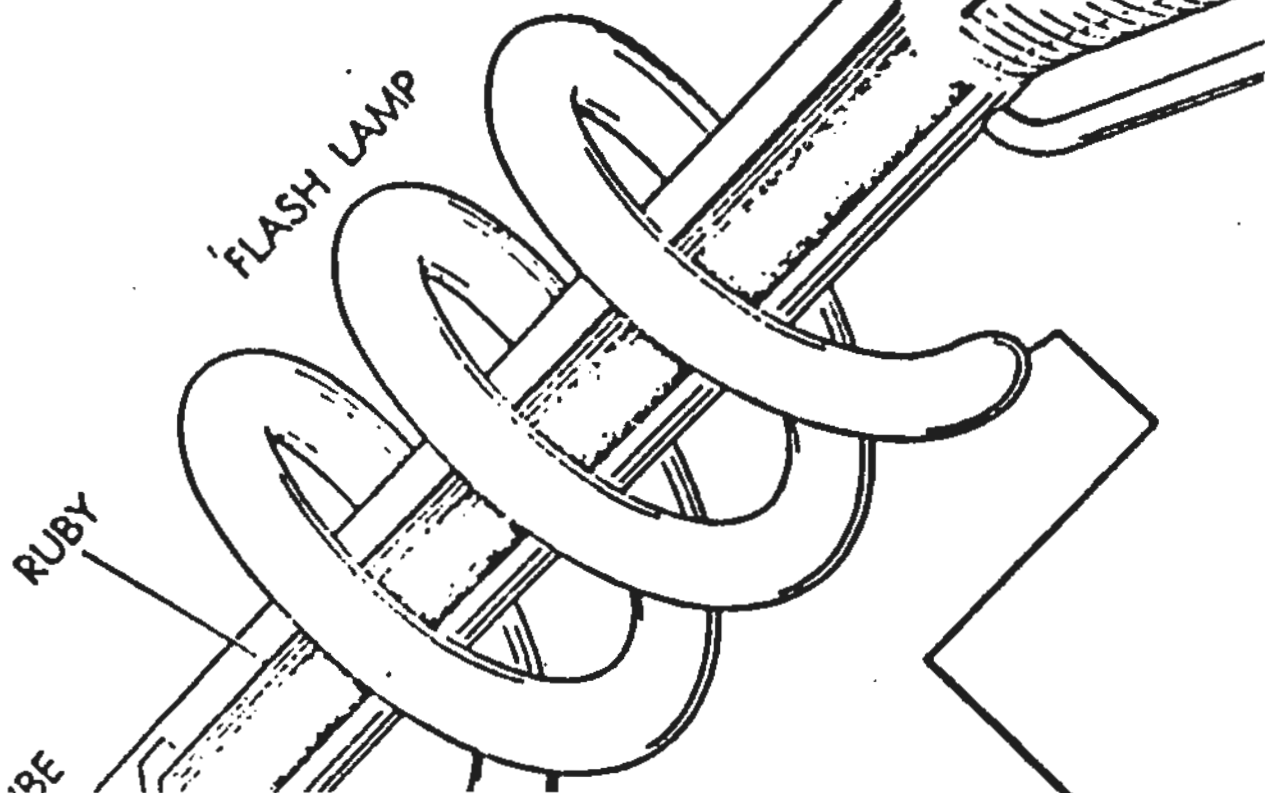
Now Clarice was in trouble. They had said it couldn't happen. In catalogues and pamphlets she was assured that a love like this could never be, would never be. And yet....

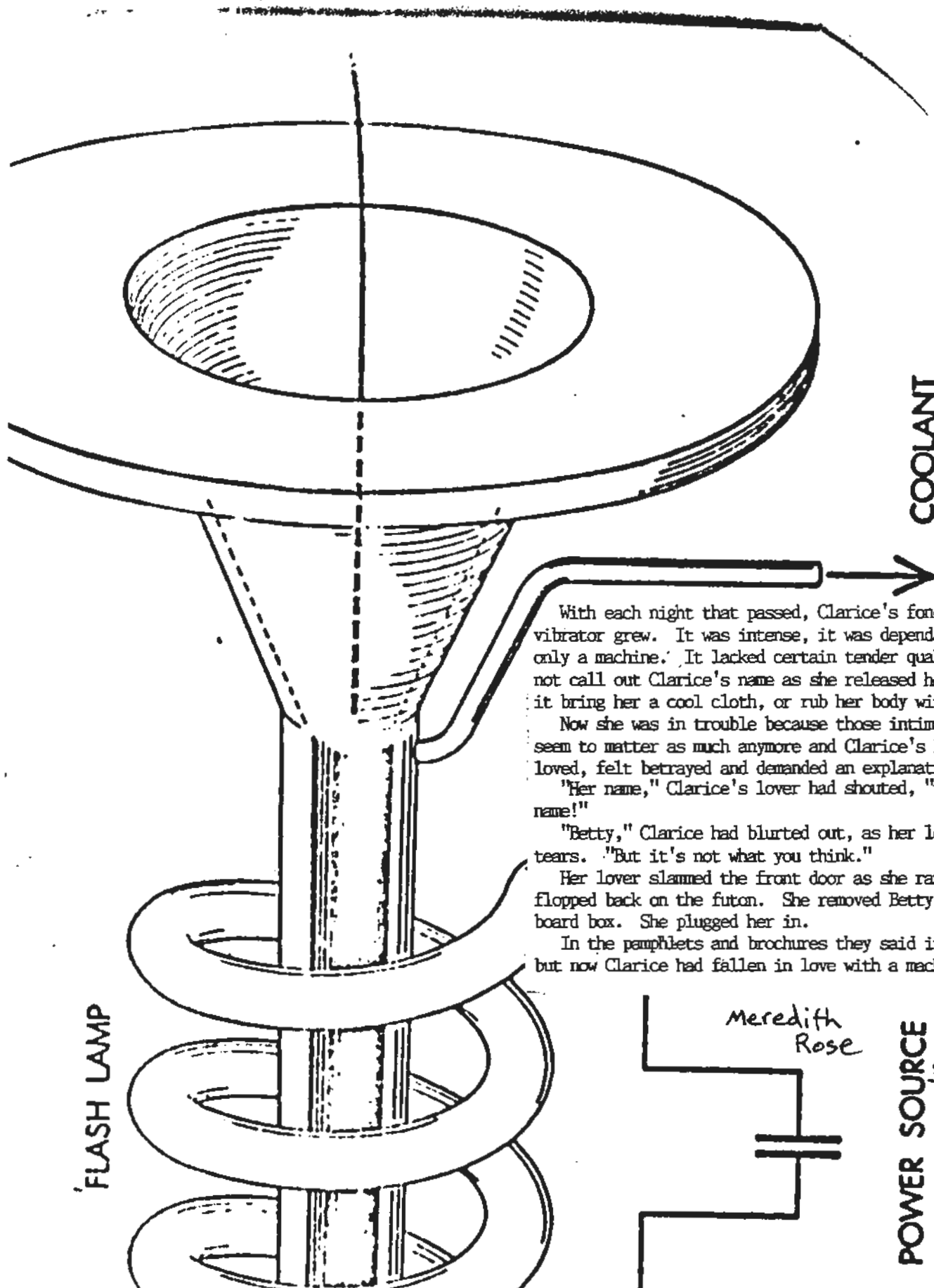
Clarice could not afford the Hitachi Wand or the Panablator. She had no money for the Oster Stick Massager. So instead, three weeks ago on an overcast Wednesday after work, she drove her Dodge Dart to a nearby mall and made her way to the Domestic Wares aisle of K-Mart shopping center. On the top shelf, next to a row of shower heads, Clarice found what she was looking for. It was electrically operated, it included assorted attachments, it had a full one-year warranty, and most important, it was on sale.

At home, Clarice sliced through the cellophane wrapping with a butter knife and opened the cardboard box. She carried her new vibrator into her bedroom and closed the door.

From six until nine p.m., on the hour and half hour, Clarice's lover telephoned leaving messages whose tone increased with urgency from a neutral "Hello sweetie. Give me a call when you get in," to a desperate, "Where the fuck are you? You said you'd be home, goddamnit!"

Clarice was unaware. On striped percale sheets she came and came, and then came again.





With each night that passed, Clarice's fondness for her vibrator grew. It was intense, it was dependable, but it was only a machine. It lacked certain tender qualities. It did not call out Clarice's name as she released herself; nor did it bring her a cool cloth, or rub her body with oil of almond.

Now she was in trouble because those intimate things didn't seem to matter as much anymore and Clarice's lover, whom Clarice loved, felt betrayed and demanded an explanation.

"Her name," Clarice's lover had shouted, "tell me her fucking name!"

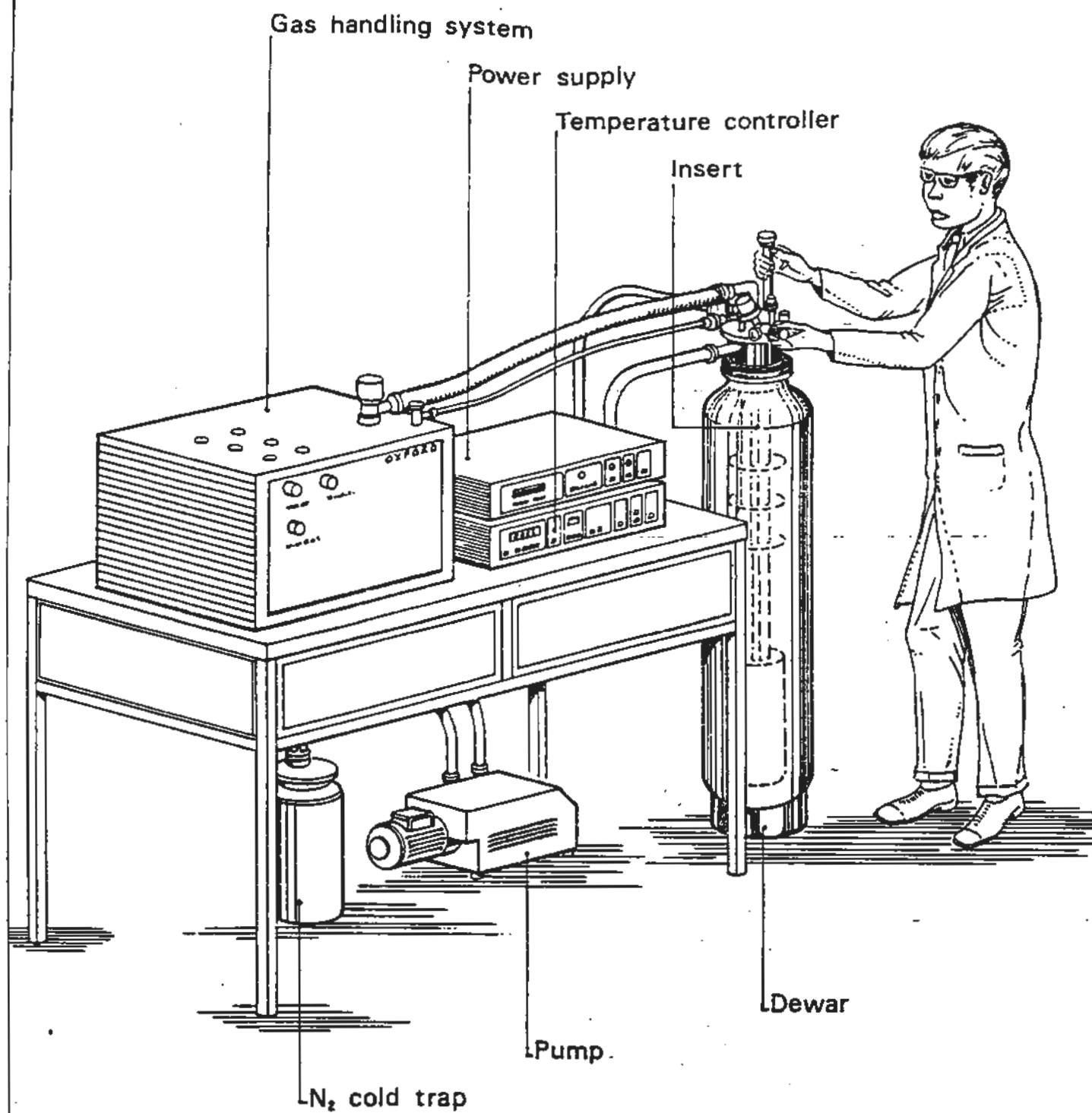
"Betty," Clarice had blurted out, as her lover bit back tears. "But it's not what you think."

Her lover slammed the front door as she ran out. Clarice flopped back on the futon. She removed Betty from her cardboard box. She plugged her in.

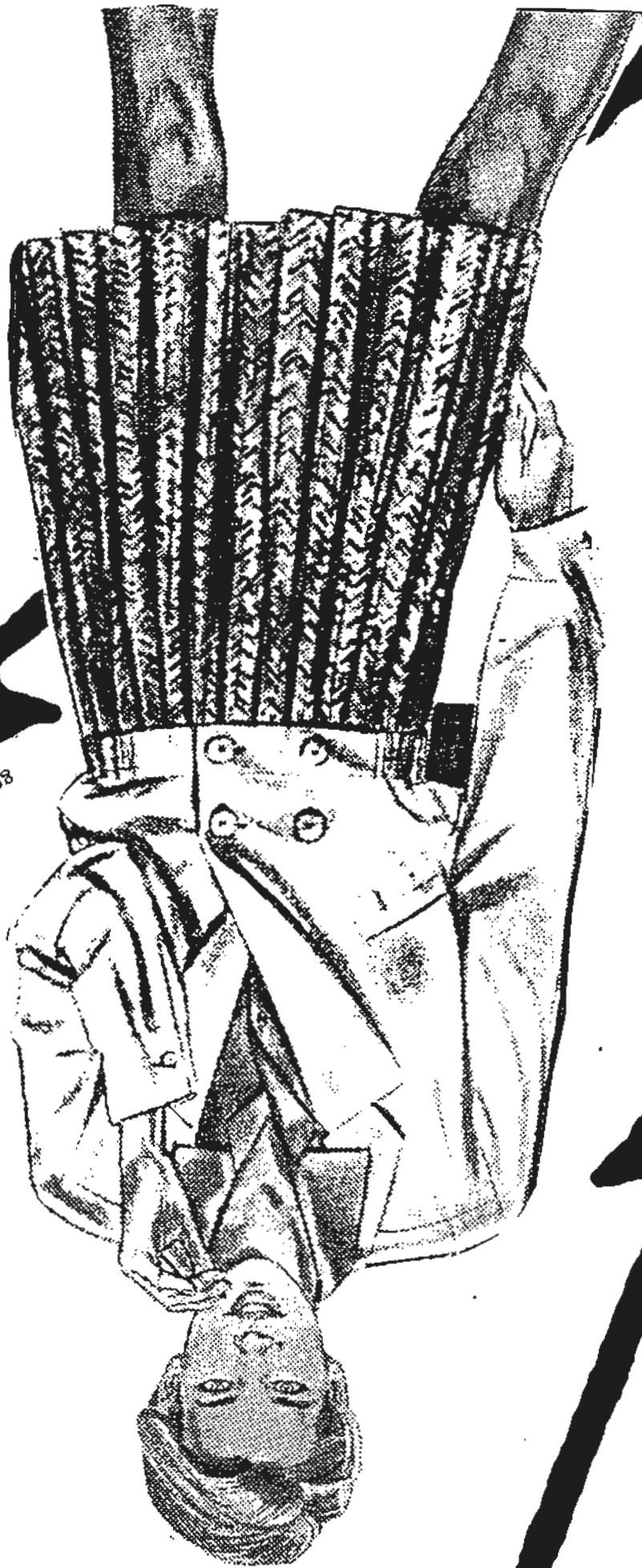
In the pamphlets and brochures they said it couldn't happen, but now Clarice had fallen in love with a machine called Betty.

Meredith
Rose

POWER SOURCE 1st published in
Quickies: Lesbian
Short-shorts
ed. by Irena
Zahava
A Violet Ink
Pamphlet



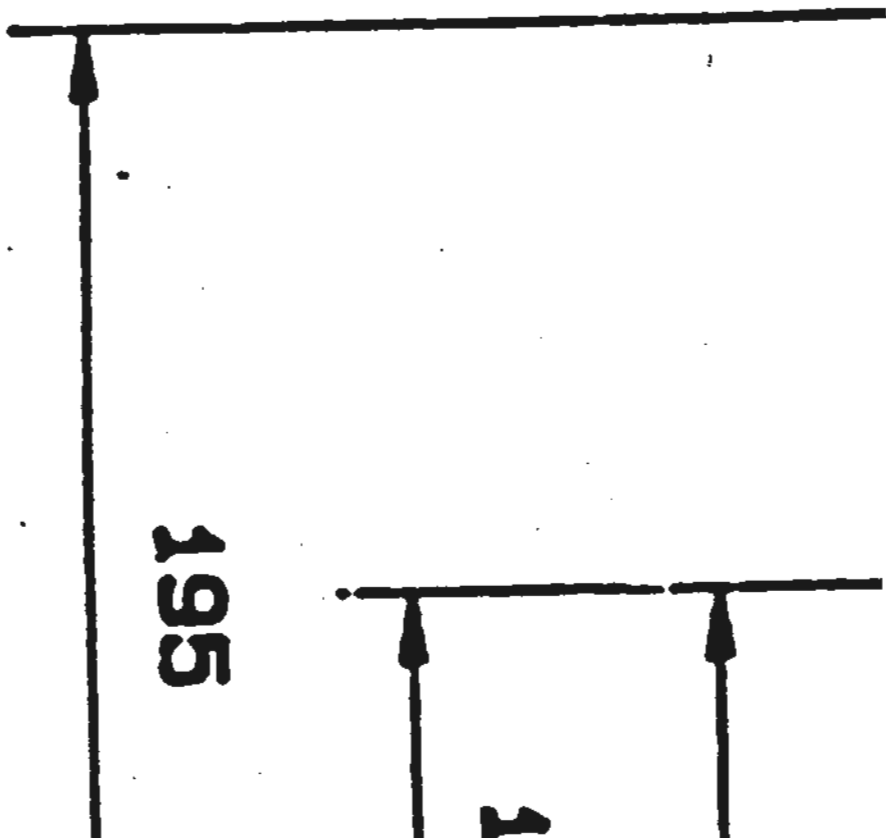
SYSTEM LAYOUT \Rightarrow WITHOUT
Superconducting
magnet



BUTCHES IN SKIRTS

Gotta love

(EXCLUDING WINCH) ***



COMING OUT TO FAMILY AS A BISEXUAL WOMAN

BY
LAURA S. *← ma cherie!*

(The following contribution comes with special thanks to Anna, who has been such an important and supportive part of my coming out process.)

ma!

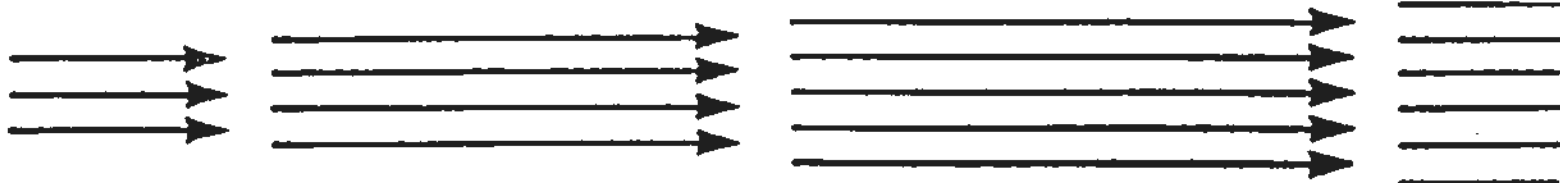
Coming out to the people closest to you is never an easy process. With it comes all of the anxiety accumulated over years of a closeted or semi-closeted existence. Preparation can take hours, weeks, even years, while images of one's parents and siblings loom larger and more intimidating every second. Attempts to think logically and have faith in their love grow more difficult as the day approaches. Cognition seems futile in the face of such powerful fears. Suddenly, the task is at hand and the enormous rough boulder blocking us from each other is pushed aside. For a moment, it feels pretty naked.

For me, the responses have been positive. My news has just confirmed what many of them suspected all along. Mom's known for 7 years now, it turns out. However, what she didn't know was much about bisexuality. She just assumed I was a lesbian. In some ways, this would have been easier to come out as; especially since my partners for many years have been women. At least lesbian identity doesn't need quite as much explaining. Unfortunately, most of the coming out literature speaks only of gay male and lesbian experiences. Rarely is bisexuality even mentioned anywhere. I did learn a lot from some of this reading, however, and found it was quite relevant whether one comes out as gay, lesbian or bi. I also found participating in a bisexual women's support group immensely helpful during this process. Coming out as bisexual clearly is a need not yet addressed in Gay literature. My approach was to talk about Kinsey's continuum of sexuality and to identify myself on it (closer to the gay end of the spectrum). I also spoke about my identity in terms of my potential for attraction to either gender, yet more frequent and stronger connections with women. I discovered that the members

of my family who are more comfortable with sexuality in general were more open to conversing with me about this issue, and that those who are less relaxed about sexuality issues tended to avoid this kind of conversation.

Overall, coming out has been a positive and freeing experience for both me and my family. I realize how lucky I am to have their support, especially when I think of friends who have been alienated from their families after taking the risk. Although I still feel a little vulnerable, I now feel like I can share my life with them

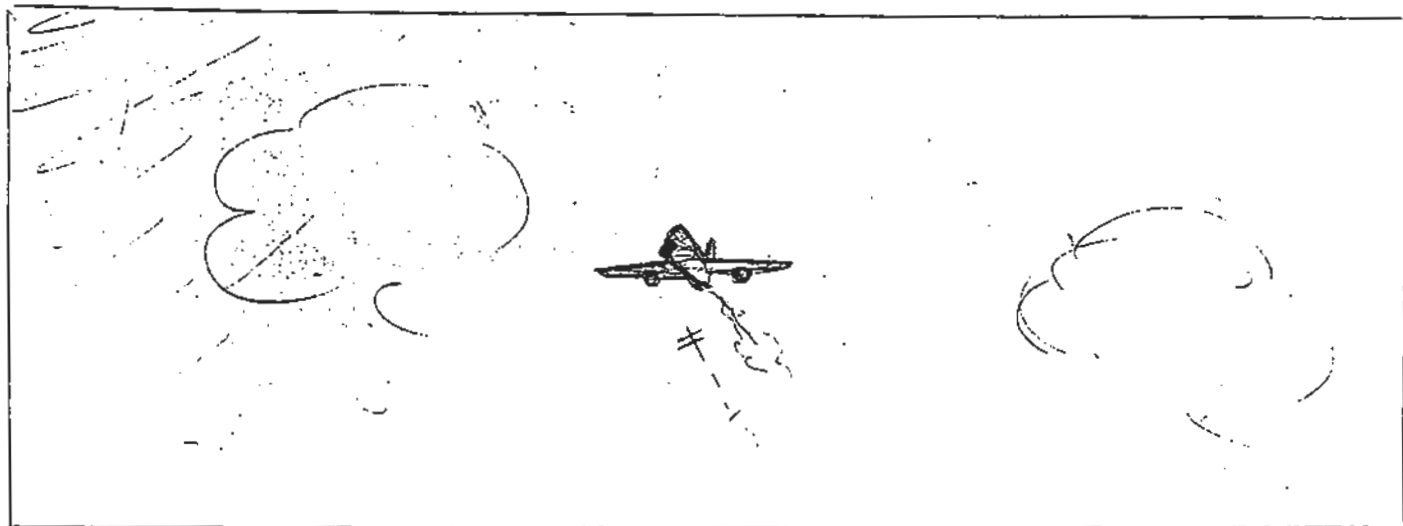
more fully; therefore growing closer in relationship. Although understanding my reasons, my family has expressed sadness about all the years I kept so much from them, and they look forward to talking more openly together. So do I.



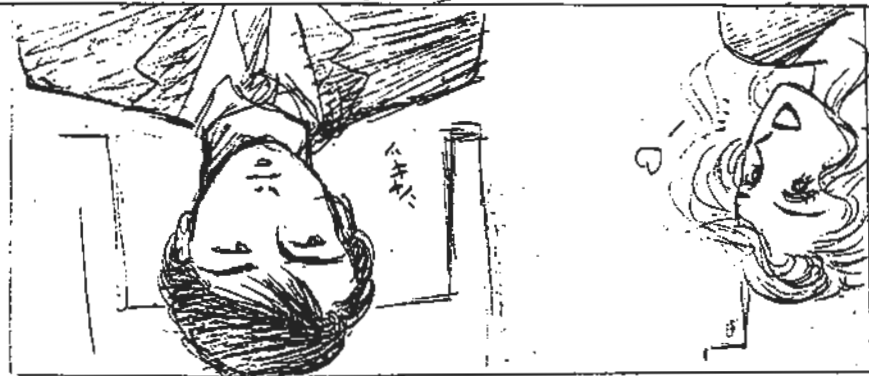
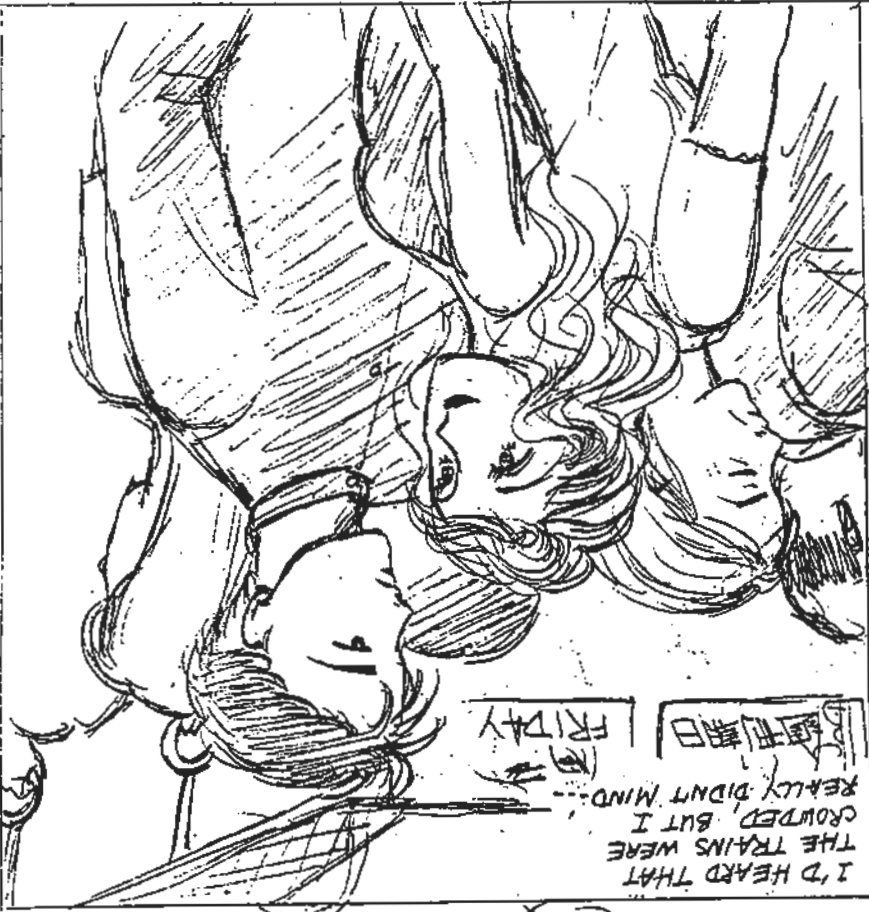
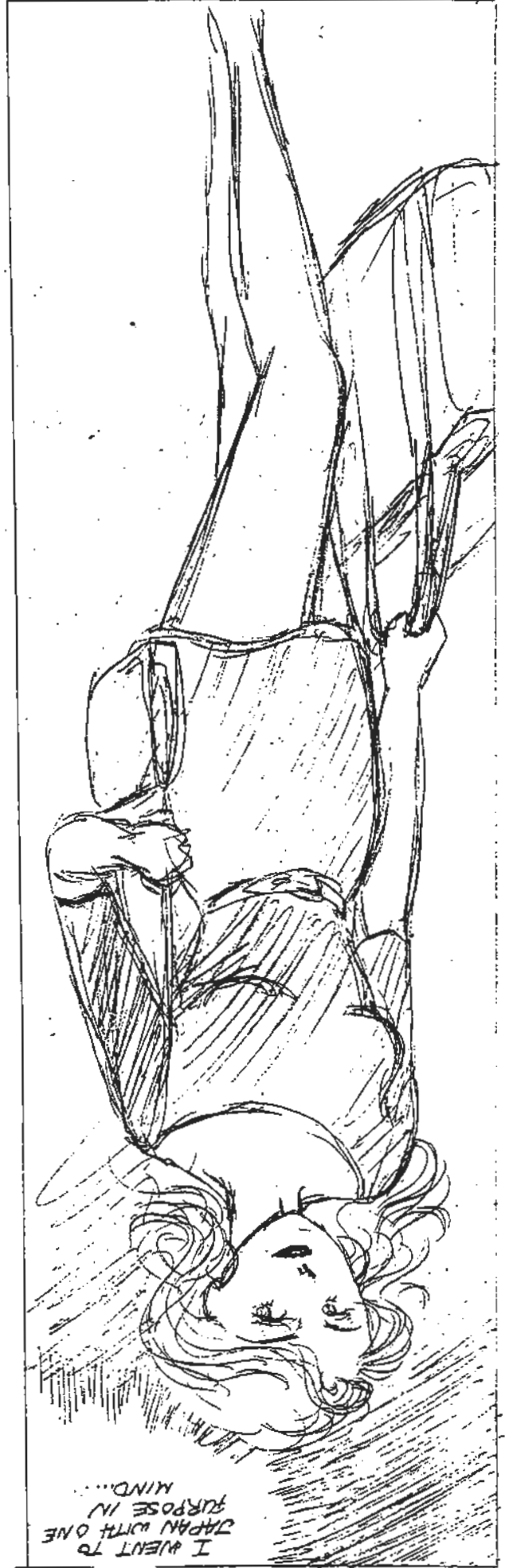








story: Anna
art: Terry Kawashima



MY FRIEND GOT ME
A JOB WHERE SHE
WORKED, AT A
"CONVERSATION
LOUNGE."



英会話ラウンジ
ENGLISH
CONVERSATION-LOUNGE

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS
SIT AROUND LOOKING GOOD
AND CHAT WITH ANY OF THE
STUDENTS WHO CAME IN...



"DO... YOU...
MAKE...
CREDIT...
CARDS?"

NO NO.
"TAKE" NOT
"MAKE"! BUT
THAT'S PRETTY
GOOD...

THEY WERE MOSTLY GIRLS,
BUT SOMETIMES THIS REALLY
HANDSOME BUSINESSMAN
WOULD COME IN...



HELLO, MRS
TAKEMURA, I JUST
RECENTLY SIGNED
UP...

OYA, OGAWA-
SAN... I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU CAME
HERE, TOO!

SENSEI?
UM... SENSEI?

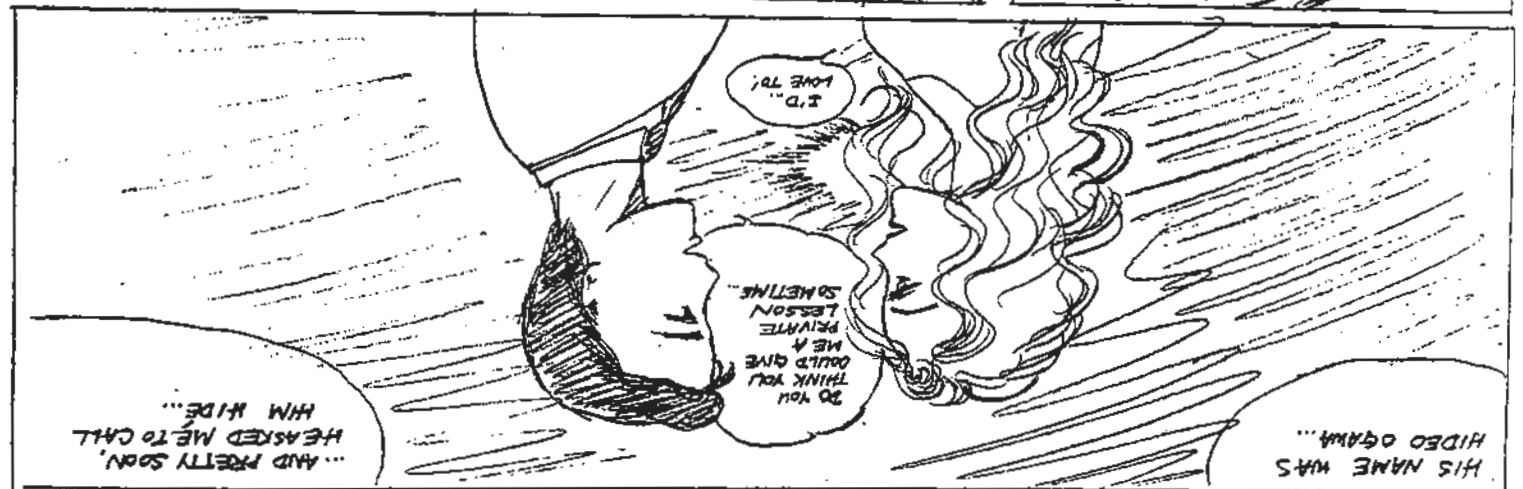
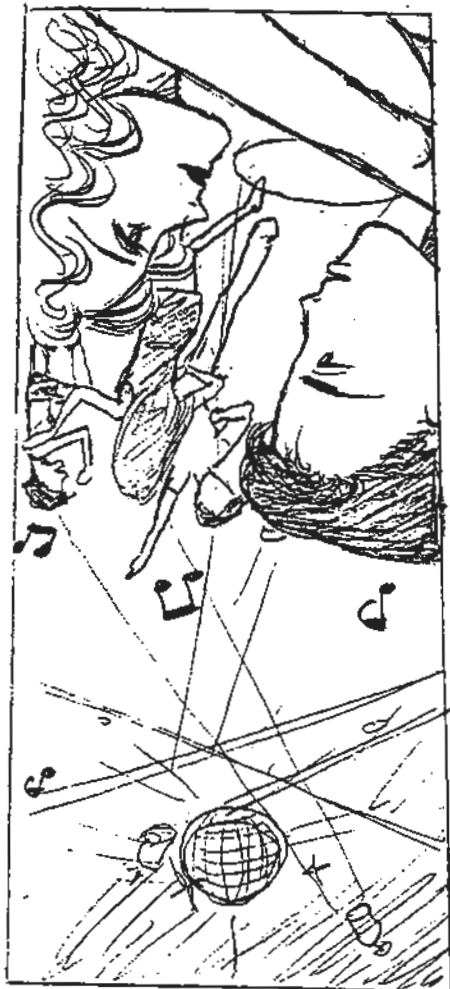
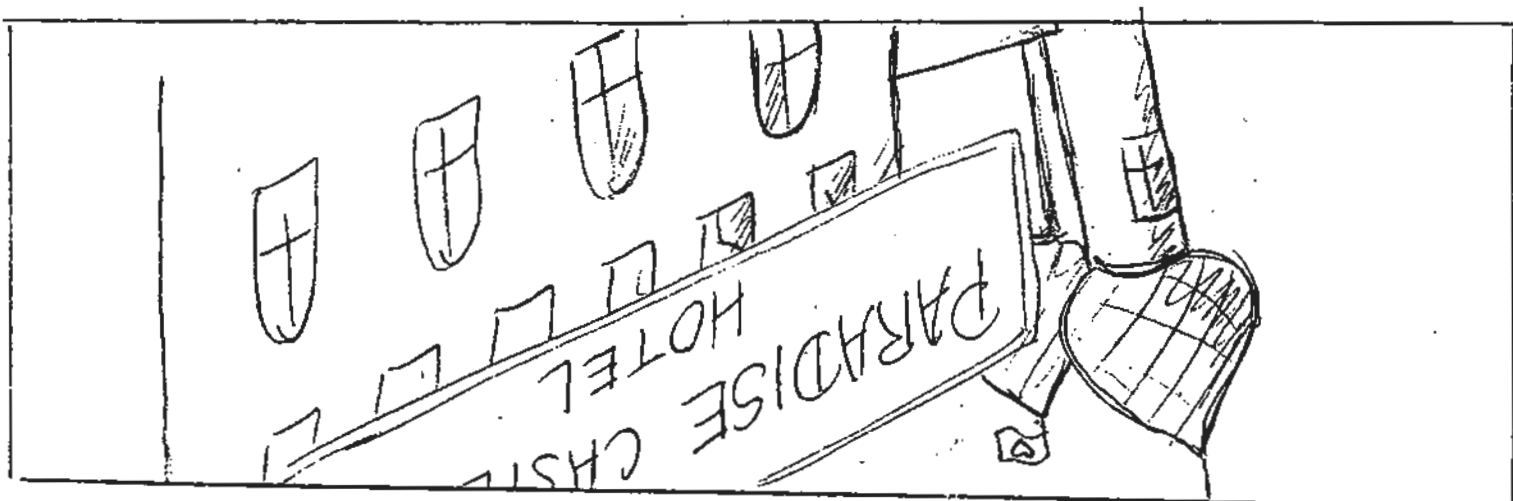
ONE OF THE OTHER STUDENTS
TOLD ME HE HAD HIS
OWN COMPANY.



HELLO
BARBARA-SAN!

what a
slimy bag...

... AND HE ALWAYS WANTED TO
TALK TO ME, TOO.



TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH, HE WASN'T
THAT GREAT IN
THE SACK—

PANT! (ANH!)

4444

PANTS:

АММ.

I MEAN, THE WORD
"FOREPLAY" WAS NOT
IN HIS VOCABULARY.

HEY WAIT,
THAT'S IT?

I FIGURED HE'D NEVER SLEPT
WITH A WOMAN LIKE ME, SOMEONE
WHO EXPECTED A LITTLE MORE.
I WAS GOING TO TEACH HIM
TENDERNESS...

THEN ...

HE SUDDENLY STOPPED
COMING TO THE LOUNGE,
AND HE STOPPED CALLING.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE
TO REACH HIM.

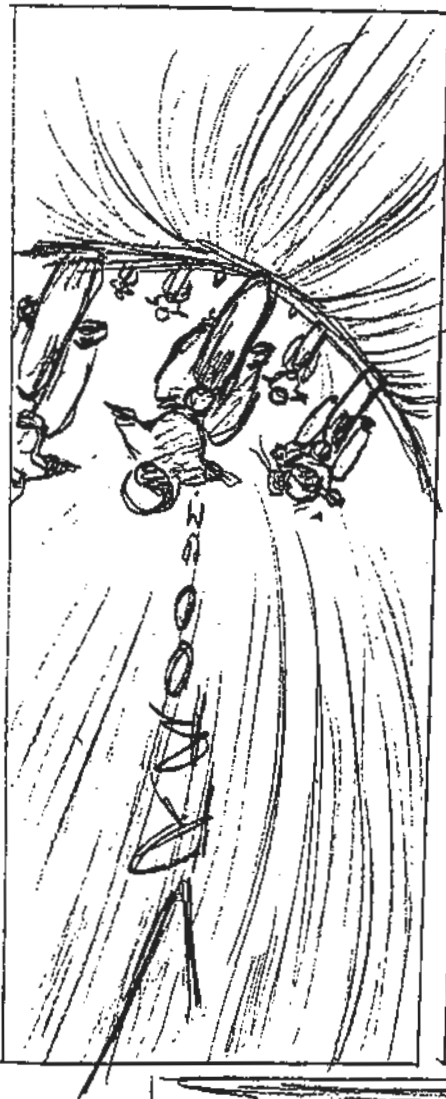
SENSE!
EARTH TO
SENSE!!

THE MANAGER
OF THE LOUNGE
TOLD ME THAT
HE HADN'T PAID
HIS BILL IN
MONTHS, AND
THAT HIS COMPANY
WASN'T DOING
WELL.

BUT ONE OF THE
STUDENTS TOLD ME
SOMETHING ELSE.

HIS WIFE
HAVE BABY,
VERY SICK.

7.1.16 14H.15E

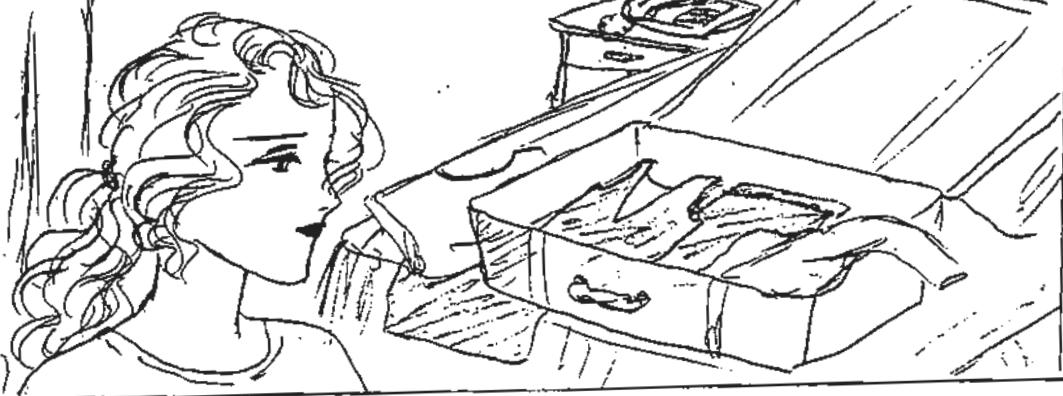


I WAS
DEVASTATED.



HIS WIFE!

I ALMOST LOST MY JOB
AND I DIDN'T CARE.
I WAS THINKING ABOUT
GOING HOME...



HEY,
SENSEI.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE
BACK...
...SENSEI?

BUT...



HI... AND
ENGLISH CONVERSATION
LESSON N1
SIGN-UP SHITAINDESU..



— END —

SOME ZINES

HOT LIP — I could only get #2 since #3 was out of print (the eds honestly returned my extra dollar, though — thanks!) Way sexy "Boys in our Heads" story where 2 dykes inhabit randy fag personas; a mix & match quiz on tampon brands (tampon subculture is a personal fave of mine); executive sex and a tantalizing preview for #3 which supposedly included stuff about fuck foods & songs and the ever-popular female ejaculation... Oh well. Are they still publishing? One can only hope so, but my ish is dated 1991. \$1.00 to Box 2614; 211 East Ohio; Chicago, IL 60611.

LAVENDER GODZILLA — "Voices of Gay Asian & Pacific Islander Men" — Majorly slick & pretty. I have the summer 92 Homelands issue. An amazing saga of a letter from a lonely fag in China who wrote a long tome & addressed it: "San Francisco, whoever any The Homosexuality organization or The Homosexuality Bar. The Homosexuality Bookstore, America, The United States" & it finally got to them; various musing on leaving home, going home again, finding home. \$5.00 to PO Box 421884; San Francisco, CA 94142-1884.

MICHAEL — This comes free on your porch when you're least expecting it. Published in Canada at Maison Saint-Michel, it has really good quotes like, "Do not waste time before the television set which is the most powerful instrument in the hands of My Adversary in spreading everywhere the darkness of sin & of impurity." This was the message of the Blessed Virgin given to Don Gobbi on Feb. 17, 1988. Still timely. 2 year sub only \$10.00 to Gilberte Cote-Mercier; Maison St.-Michel; Rougemont, P.Q.; Canada JOL 1M0.

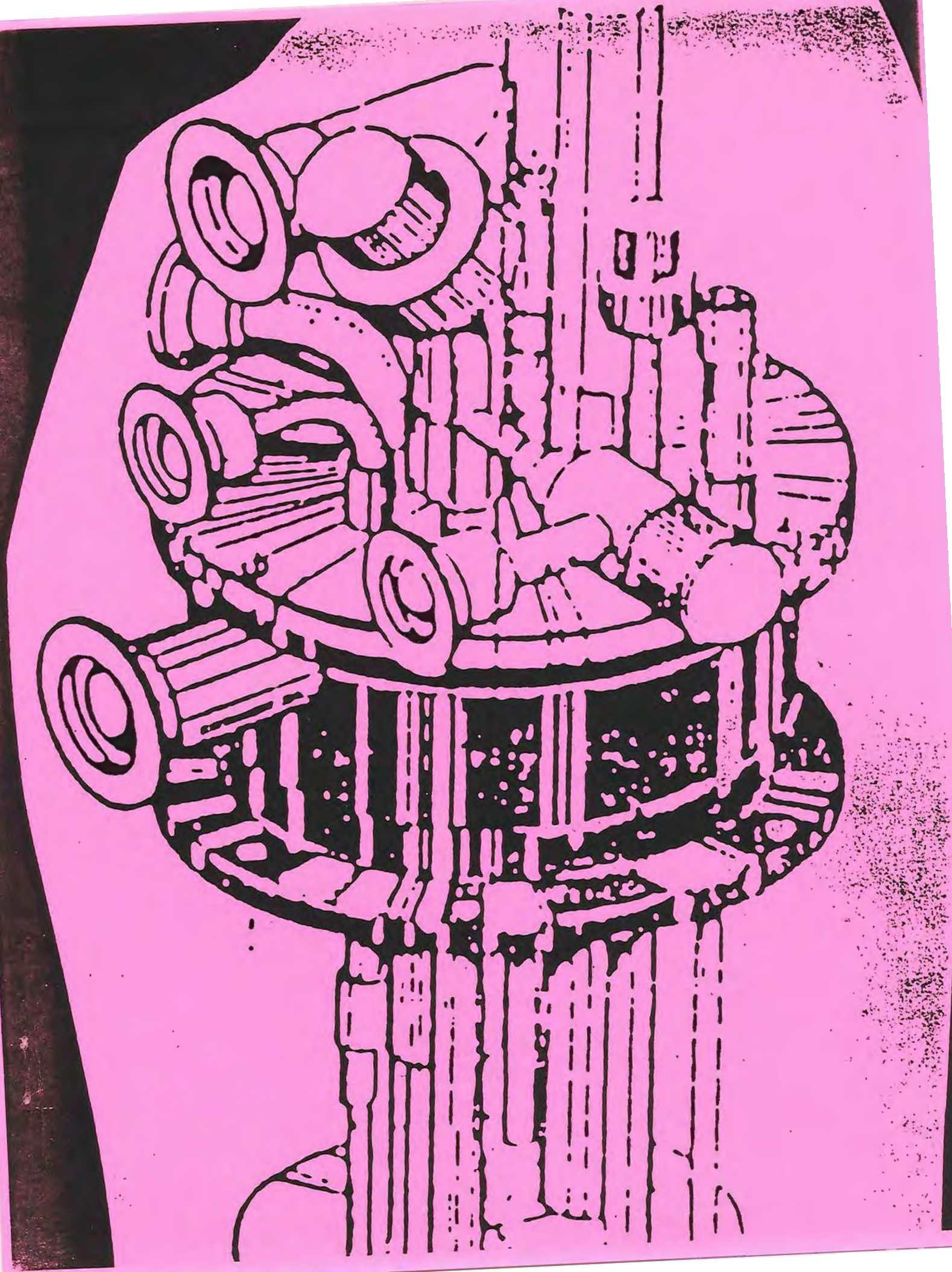
SWEET TART — Thank you, Meredith (see her story this ish) for getting me this indispensible zine in Atlanta. An in-depth masturbation article which is very key; the truth about tatooing & a jolly interview with Doll Squad, who sound fab, although I am ignorant of their music. I'm eagerly awaiting my back issue of #1. For your reading entertainment and joy, send a dollar to: 503 Valley Brook Xing; Decatur, GA 30033. More please!

HEY STRANGER — My all-time favorite mini-zine. Sweet, shy, sincere, & pierced. It's by Stephanie Kulick & her lipstick kiss is on the back but there's no address. I found it at Primal Plunge book & zine store here in Boston. Stephanie, where are you?

SIREN — Funny, well-written & beautifully designed by power pussies of production Nicole Bender & Kathie Bergquist. This is all about music, which they make lots of fun to read about — every review made me want to hear the music of people I'd never heard of, like The Black Girls, Freakwater & The Texas Rubies. I think the next issue is out now. \$3.00 to Box 14874; Chicago, IL 60614.

HEL'S KITCHEN — I don't know who wrote the short self-contained jewels of prose on the 2nd & 3d pages but I loved them very much — wry and tender comments on the way we're distanced from each other. Also, very dire story about memories of abuse; "The Fine Art of Billboard Improvement"; & last but not least a cartoon by the prolific and talented Leanne Franson (see another this ish) on "Real Bisexuals" the definitive definition... Maybe. \$2.50 to PO Box 85541; Seattle, WA 98145.

SLUT UTOPIA — What a lovely surprise to receive in the mail a zine I didn't know existed but that now makes my life the richer. A long, thoughtful, interesting rant (the best kind! I'm impressed!) "Slut Manifesto" which starts out "Every time a woman performs a sexual act, a commodity is exchanged" & goes marching on from there complete with handwritten (scrawled) notes in the margin commenting on the content. There is also "Raging Girl Robots" about the modern woman's dilemma about "thing-self" and "conscious human self"; & my personal fave; "We Need to Take Control of Cultural Production." I more than enjoyed. \$2.00 to Lizzard: PO Box 26614; San Jose, CA 95159, or Laura Sauria; 707 W. 21st St; Austin, TX 78705.





"PREFERRED BY DISCREET QUEERS EVERYWHERE"

Mousie
Box 440478
W. Somerville, MA 02144
Anna Rampage, Ed.

June 1993